Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 14, 1957 / 25¢

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APERBACKS IN THE CLASSROOM

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CRISIS IN THE COLLEGES

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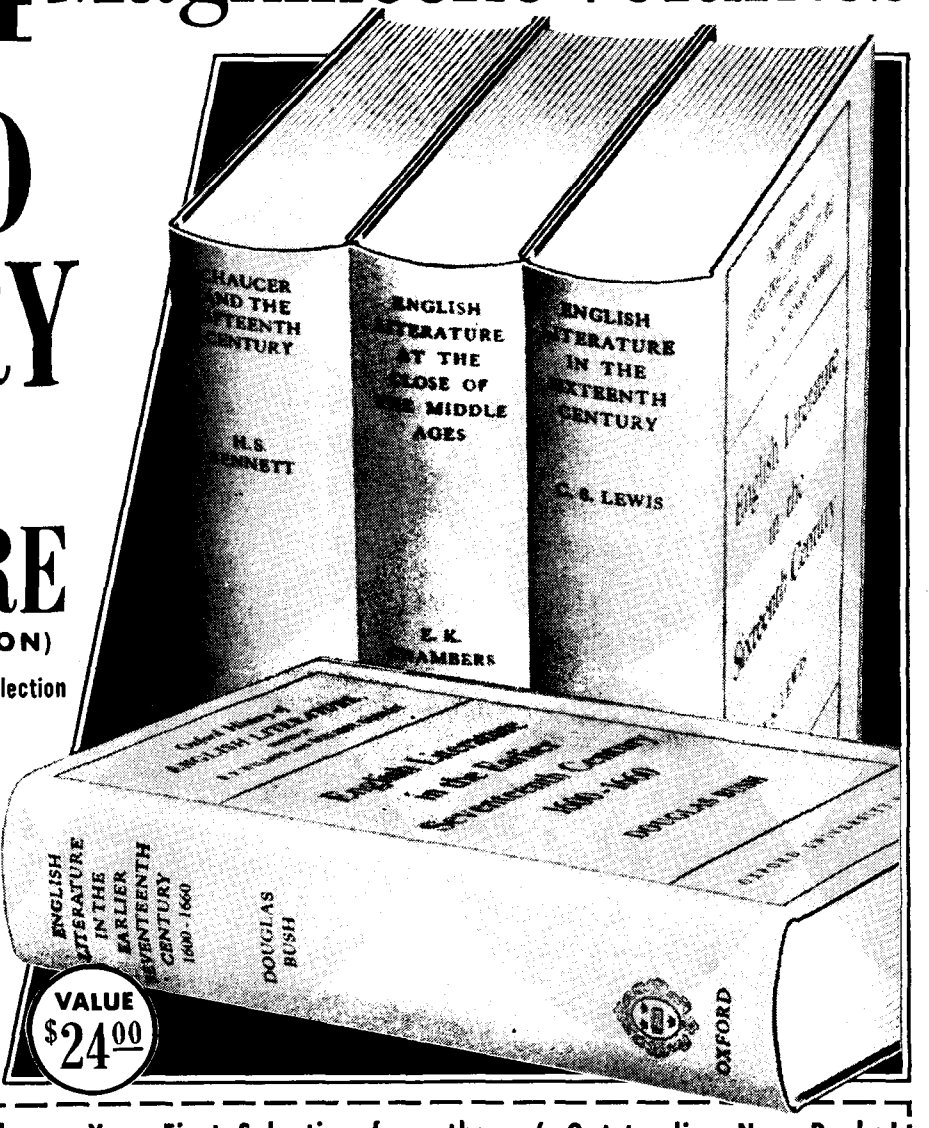

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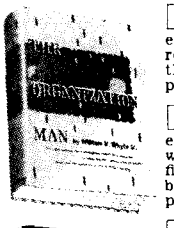

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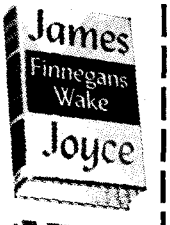

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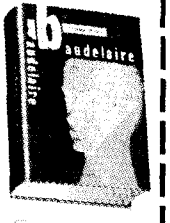

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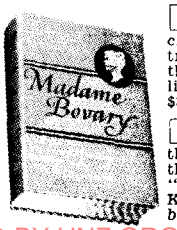

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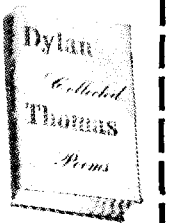

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How General Electric tries to do its part

A SHORTAGE of educated people may, in the long run, be the greatest limit to America's capacity to provide the good things everyone wants.

Meeting such a challenge depends primarily on each individual's plans for his self-development, with the encouragement of parents and with the effectiveness of America's educational systems.

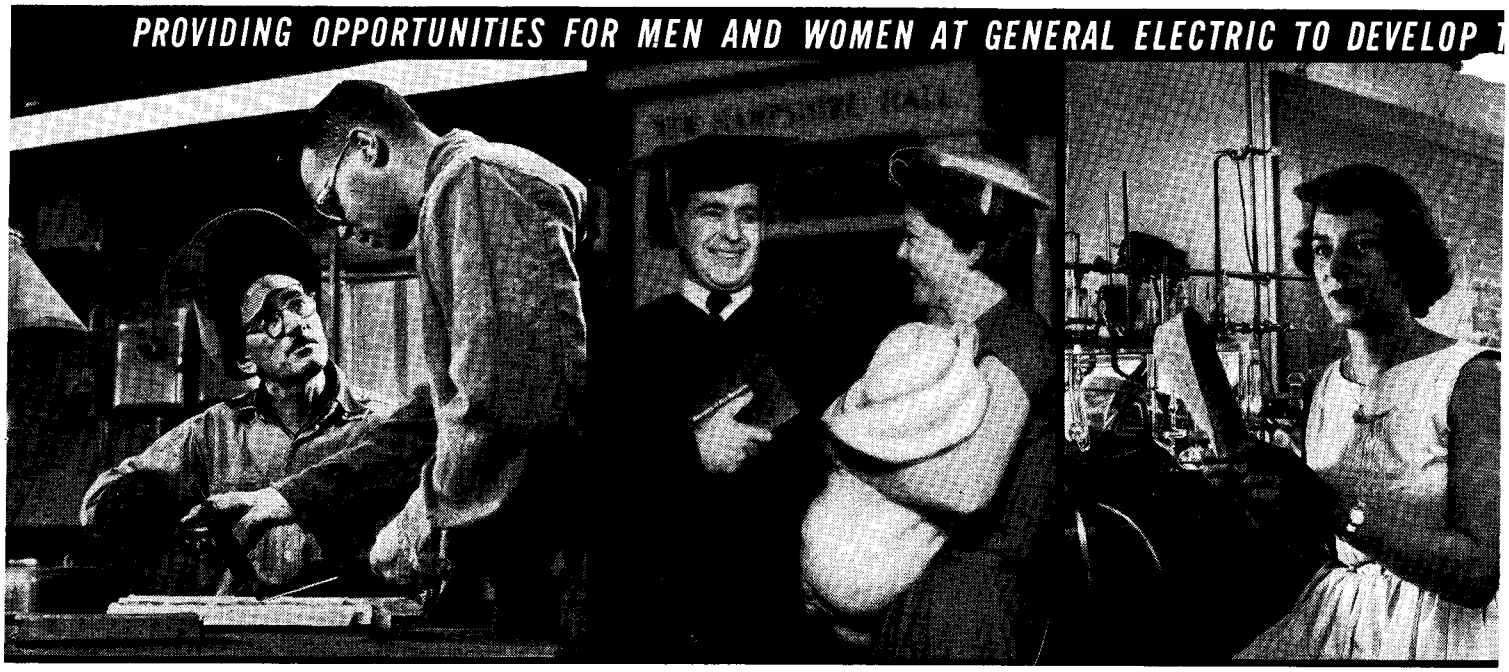
But businesses, too, are developing increasingly effective ways to help people further their education. At General Electric, for example, one person out of every eight is taking additional education or training. On these pages are some of the ways the company is trying to help young people set high educational goals—and to encourage all employees to achieve their full capabilities with increased personal satisfaction.

Education must be a lifelong pursuit for every citizen. The more individuals recognize this, the more they will seek to develop themselves to take advantage of America's expanding opportunities.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Awakening students to future opportunities General Electric's science show, "House o Magic," is one of many ways we try to stimu late secondary-school students to tackle thei studies with enthusiasm and appreciation Each year 700,000 young people see the show



A chance to acquire new skills. General Electric conducts 1,000 courses in factory skills to train or retrain employees. George Du Pont (above), a welder with 14 years' experience, recently completed 3 weeks of full-time schooling in new techniques.

Encouragement to continue schooling. Plans for college-level studies are worked out with hundreds of General Electric people. Paul Gagnon (above) recently graduated as an engineer from the U. of New Hampshire as a result of a 6-year work-and-study program.

Expanding opportunities for technician General Electric offers people with aptitu (but not necessarily a college degree) chance for responsibility as technician For example, Winifred Balz (above) is ta ing advantage of our Technician Progra

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in helping people further their education

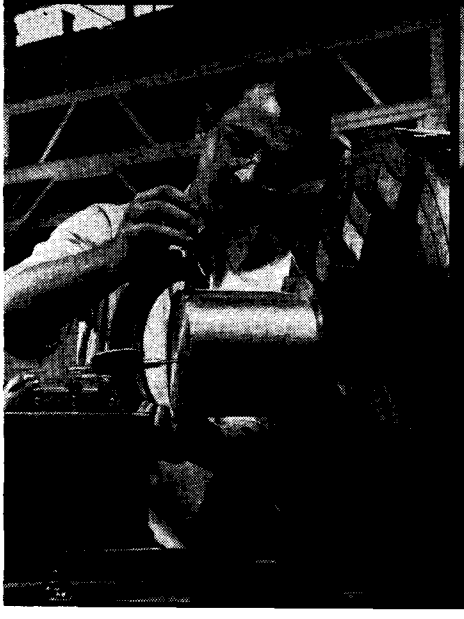
ENCOURAGE YOUNG PEOPLE TO FURTHER THEIR STUDIES

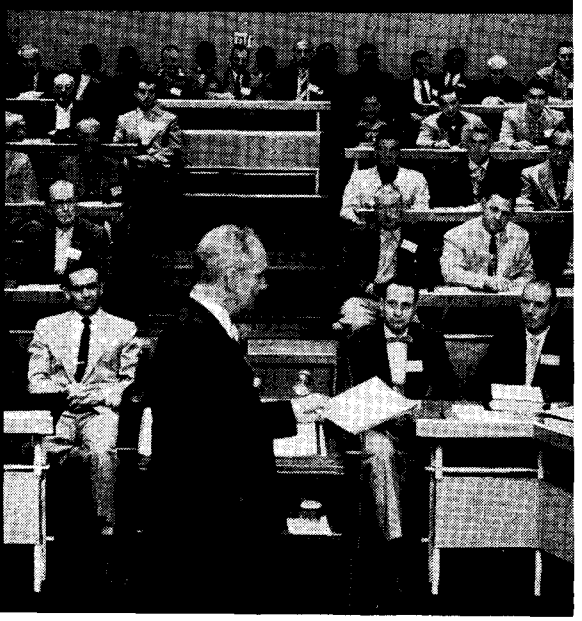
Providing career-guidance materials. General Electric furnishes teachers, at their request, with materials that point up to young people the value of further studies. Above, a teacher counsels students with a G-E guidance booklet, "Why Study English?"

Helping teachers to be even more effective. Through G.E.'s summer fellowships, over 1,900 math and science teachers have had graduate study and seen firsthand how their subjects are put to use in business. Above, teachers see the "insides" of giant turbines.

Financial help to colleges. To help employees "pay back" their colleges for the education from which they and the company are benefiting, the General Electric Educational and Charitable Fund matches alumni support payments made by employees.

THEIR FULL ABILITY





Programs for college graduates. Education doesn't stop with the end of college. Robert Erskine (Minnesota, '56) gains more knowledge and experience in the G-E Manufacturing Training Program—one of 11 professional programs offered to recent graduates.

Advanced professional development. In advanced courses at General Electric, qualified men and women can study in many different fields under the leadership of experts. Above, Professor C. R. Christensen of Harvard leads a seminar in Marketing.

Study in the work of managing. Education continues for people in management, too. Above is a seminar at General Electric's Management Research & Development Institute. The work of managing is also being studied by 6,000 people at plant locations.

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(Advertisement)

I can't think of anyone who wouldn't read William H. Whyte's "The Organization Man" with enjoyment and profit.

It's a book for people in big business, little business and no business at all. It's for scientists and those in the humanities, for teachers and students and ministers. It's for people who like novels and for those who read only reports. It's for wives and parents and neighbors and that man sitting next to you on the commuter train who can't be distinguished from 26 other men in the same car.

It is about a revolution that is taking place as the big organization – the corporation, the union, the university or the government – moves in and sets up a new pattern of uniformity at the cost of individualism.

It is, in a word, shocking, and, in another word, fascinating.

Now this book, which has been on the bestseller lists all year, can be bought in a paper Anchor Book edition at $1.45.

I'm not saying, and neither does Whyte, that it is a necessarily terrible thing to be an Organization Man. Maybe you're one now or hoping to become one soon. And to paraphrase a saying, "If being an Organization Man is inevitable, relax and enjoy it."

But before you settle down to relaxed enjoyment, it's a good idea to read this book and see exactly what being an Organization Man really means.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Anchor Book edition of "The Organization Man," ($1.45) by William H. Whyte, Jr., is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Four other Anchor Books have just been published: "Chance," by Joseph Conrad, $1.25; "An Approach to Modern Physics," by E. N. da C. Andrade, 95¢; "The Origins of Psychoanalysis," $1.25; and "A Documentary History of Art, Vol. I: The Middle Ages and Renaissance," selected and edited by Elizabeth Gilmore Holt, $1.45. All of these books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 31 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 5.

The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 14, 1957

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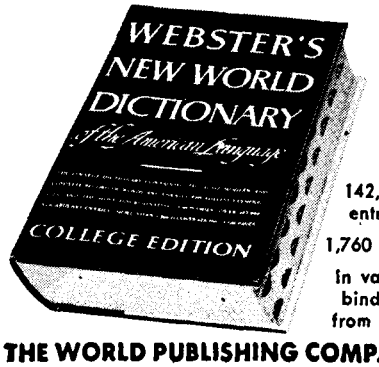

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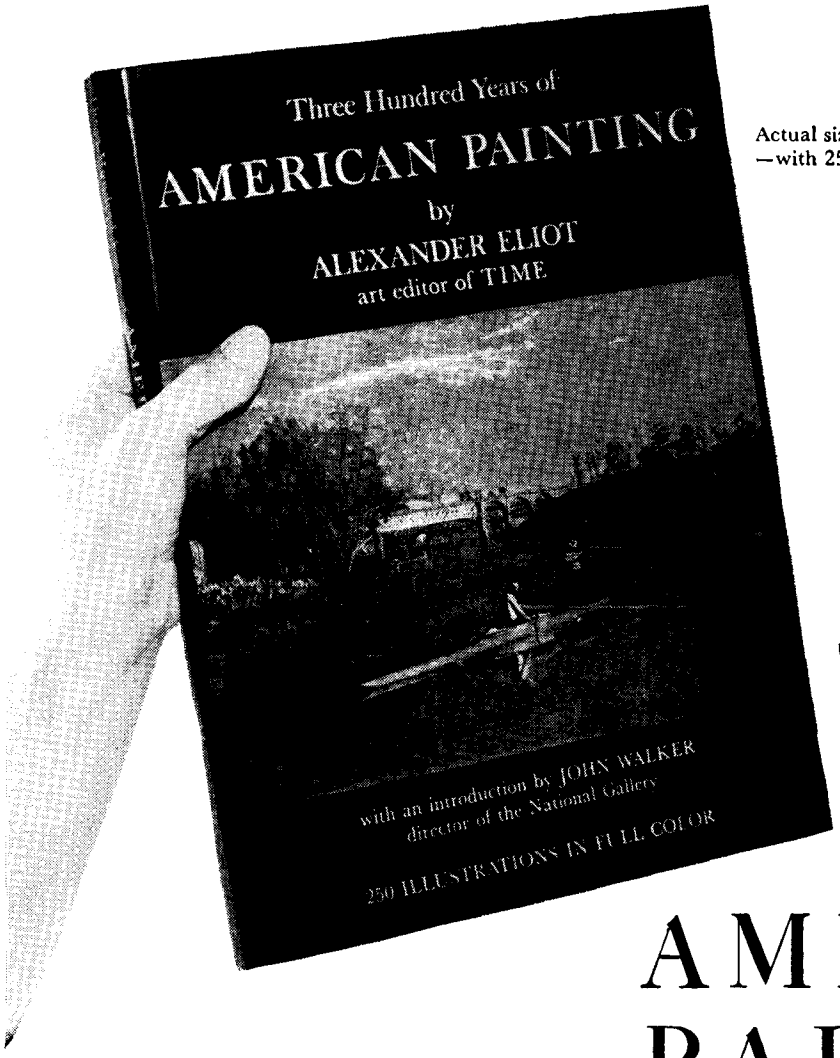

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TRADE Winds

IN THIS COUNTRY the problems of the creative artist are the least of our worries. We laugh at him. A sculptor chiseling a stone is amusing. A painter starves in a garret and a composer is rhyming June and moon. If a writer is staring out the window his neighbors want to know why he doesn't get to work.

Edward MacDowell saw it differently. He knew the joys and potentialities of complete seclusion, and he wanted others to know them, too. And now the Colony named after him in Peterborough, New Hampshire, has just finished its fiftieth year of existence, having fostered and furthered the careers of more than 1,000 writers, composers, and artists. In the twenty-six secluded studios on the 600-acre tract, surrounding the little log cabin where MacDowell wrote his music in the 1890s, colonists have won eighteen Pulitzer Prizes and innumerable other awards. The list runs from "Porgy" to "Island in the Sun," with "Anthony Adverse" and "Stars Fell on Alabama" in the middle. The individuals include Steve Benét, Bill Benét, Willa Cather, John Gould Fletcher, Paul Green, Julia Peterkin, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Thornton Wilder, Aaron Copland, and many more.

In August there were thirty-three colonists at Peterborough: eleven writers, nine artists, and thirteen composers. They pay $20 a week for room and board. Each studio is situated so it can't be seen by any other, and so that a writer can scream in anguish or a composer can pound his grand piano—disturbing no one. At lunchtime a basket of food is placed silently at the doorstep, and the colonists meet only at breakfast and dinner in the main lodge. There they sit and hash out their creative problems. Incidentally, no one is allowed to call on anyone else without a prior invitation. There is a husband-wife team there now, in their separate studios. He's a composer, she a poet. The rule applies: neither can drop in on the other.

You get the feeling that Schubert would have finished his symphony if he'd been at Peterborough.

ODE INSPIRED BY "TRADE WINDS"

By E. F. Francis

Westport notes and Westport mores
To the "exile," just a bore is.
Sick to death am I and others
Of our vaunted Saugatuck bros.
Shulman, Weidman and their id (?)
Is each the nicest kind of kid
but . . .
Take a trip and view the country
Specifically this region sultry
Where you'll hear typewriters clicking
And the merry "crackers" picking

Themes and lit'rary plums galore
Notably on Fla.'s West Coast shore
Or that Grove named Coconut.
Here, I encountered a man the other day
While seeking a hardware store, by the way—
Anyway, he said, and I quote, "Coconut Grove
Has 'Who's Who' inhabitants by the drove—
More than any town in U.S.A."
Now, how about that hey!
then continued he
(Sure seemed tremendously well-informed
Except as to whereabouts of hardware store)
"No wonder the slicks are so frequently dying
When nothing counts but what's Westport frying.
Here's the reader in Caesar's Neck
Or even Pa.'s Chinchilla, by heck
And where's the heroine?
Don't act like you didn't know,
Natch, she's either W'port aglow
Falling in love with a rising young exec.
Who lives in that same pain-in-the-neck
Or on the verge of it. (Falling in love
I mean, not Norwalk or environs of above.)
Occasionally, they but weekend there chez friend
And once—but don't bank on this being a trend,
Their train simply flashed by with a wail

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Q: Do you pay taxes in your electric bill?

A: Yes. In fact, about 23¢ out of every dollar on the average family electric bill goes for taxes.

Q: Does everyone pay this much tax in his electric bill?

A: No. Several million American families and businesses pay a far smaller tax—only a fraction of the tax you and most people pay.

Q: Who *are* these "privileged" people?

A: *People who get electricity from* federal government electric systems.

Q: Why don't they pay the same taxes *you* pay?

A: A strange twist in federal law exempts them from paying most of the taxes in electric bills that you pay *because they get their electricity from federal electric systems.*

Q: Isn't that unfair? Shouldn't every American pay his fair share of taxes?

A: Yes. American standards of fair play call for each citizen to pay his fair share of taxes.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Company names on request through this magazine

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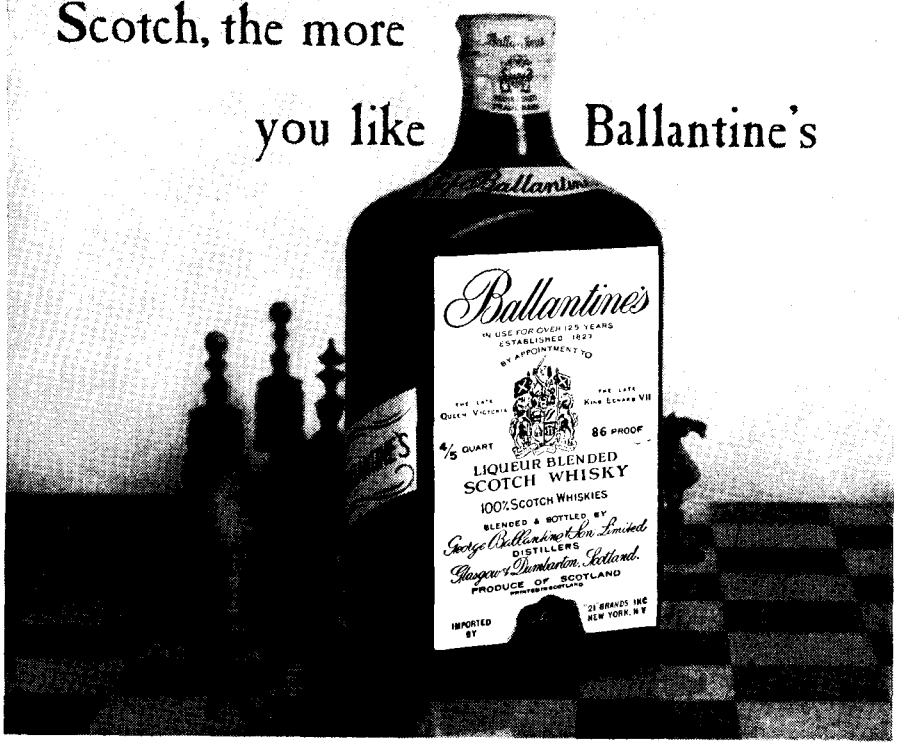

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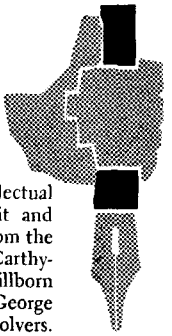

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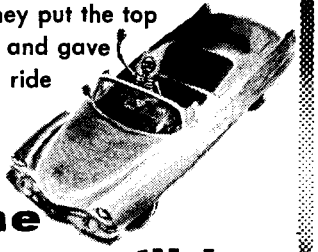
When his number was up, they put the top down and gave him a ride in



The Convertible Hearse

by WILLIAM CAMPBELL GAULT

$2.95. A Random House mystery

En route to Fairfield. Quelle Off Trail!
Oh, never the heroine from Tampa comes
But list to the sound of distant drums
And magazines folding."
But never mind him and never mind slicks
The thing in my craw, the thing that sticks
Is that TRADE WINDS, J. Beatty talking
Spreads the myth of Westport walking
No, crawling with all belle lettre bests
As if no one else in the land, put to tests,
Could write cat.

Authors also live in outer spaces
With lower taxes and many graces
So please *SR* and N. Cousins don't go local
By confining yourself to the Westport yokel.
Again apologies to Weidman and Shulman, Max
Who have nothing but talent and what it taks.
(double ugh!)

DON WELDON demolished one of his fast English sports cars, and very nearly himself as well, after writing his second book, "I Blow My Own Horn," the Jesse Lasky story. Someone pointed out that Françoise Sagan had hurt herself badly and cracked up one of *her* fast English sports cars after publication of *her* second book. Weldon—doing the best he could, con-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 742

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 742 will be found in the next issue.

M AMBBLK GCAF NPOPEH

LNHECAMDT; KP FL

ALE PMHCRT

NPRCPXP KZME KP

DMAALE HPP.

FBTFPA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 741

Necessity makes an honest man a knave.

—DEFOE.

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Seldom have U.S. magazine editors given a new magazine idea the acclaim they have rendered "Best Articles & Stories."

MR. CAPPON

"It will be a great boon to all of us who can neither obtain nor afford the multitudinous magazines published . . . that is, all of us," writes Dean S. A. Nock of Cedar Crest College, distinguished editor of **College and University.** "And it will certainly be a means of making generally available some of the best thinking of the day."

Alexander P. Cappon, editor of the University of **Kansas City Review,** considers it a "worthy enterprise to circulate more widely some of the best work being published." Dr. Harold E. Fey, editor of **Christian Century,** is "impressed very favorably." Louis Lyons, curator of the Nieman Fellowships, Harvard University, and editor of **Nieman Reports** would "much like to see it done," and Mrs. Margaret D. Dawson, editor of **Child Study,** writes "I'm for it."

DR. FEY

"We are naturally very interested," said Richard W. Westwood, veteran editor of **Nature,** "in anything that has a literate objective, and that would broaden the distribution of worthwhile material." Mrs. Dorothy H. Pope, editor of the **Journal of Parapsychology,** finds it "a fine idea. Worthwhile literary and scientific work deserves a wider audience . . . the plant usually benefits from being put into a larger pot."

MRS. POPE

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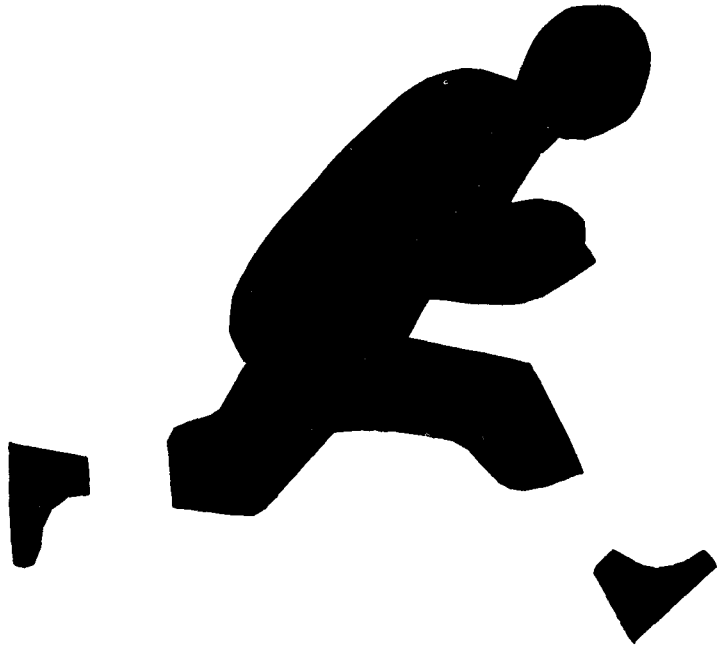

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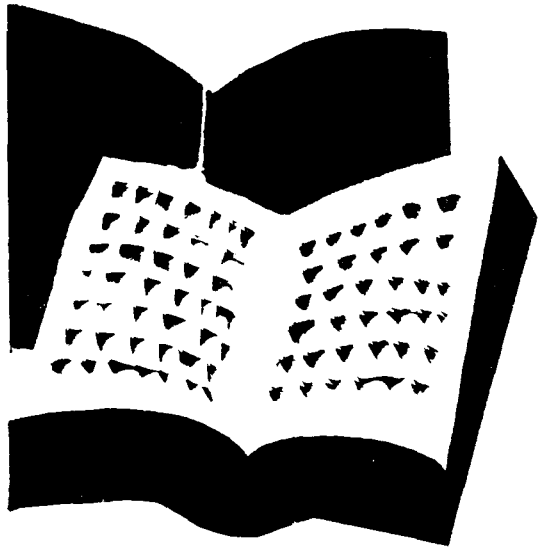

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sidering the condition he was in—quipped.

"It just goes to prove that you shouldn't write a second book."

A COUPLE WAS saying good night after a dinner party in a New York apartment. They chatted with their host and hostess as they waited for the elevator. Finally the doors opened. Their amiable host put his arms around the shoulders of his two guests, ushered them aboard, and instructed the elevator boy: "Take these people wherever they want to go."

DONALD EMIG, pastor of the church in Rowayton, Connecticut, has to put up with the idiosyncrasies of a number of characters—artists, actors, writers—who live in the little town. One Sunday, after the service, he was greeting the congregation as they left. Carl Rose, the cartoonist, said to him: "Well, there goes another hour shot to heaven."

On the occasion of the church fair, producer Robert Griffith caught up with Emig at the cake booth. He said: "Well, Don, I'm afraid that this is my annual visit to the church." To which the minister replied, "I'm afraid, Bobby, that I have yet to make my annual visit to the theatre."

I HAVEN'T READ Theodor Reik's new book ("Myth and Guilt") yet, but in an earlier one, "The Search Within," is a funny story about how Arthur Schnitzler insulted back a critic who had given him a hard time.

Schnitzler didn't want to start a big fuss; he just wanted to reply to his attacker with subtle invective. He finally composed his letter and it started this way: "Dear Herr So-and-so: I am writing to you from the smallest room in my house . . ."

SPEAKING OF WAYS of avoiding saying death: Marshal L. Scott writes from the McCormick Theological Seminary (named for Cyrus H. McCormick) that there it is said one must not refer to the "grim reaper," but only to the "international harvester."

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1224)

STEINBECK:

(THE SHORT) REIGN OF PIPPIN IV

The Royalists of France have never given up. Indeed, it is part of the triumphant gallantry of an aristocracy that it cannot abandon the certainty of the return of the king, bringing with him the golden days, the prosperous and courteous days.

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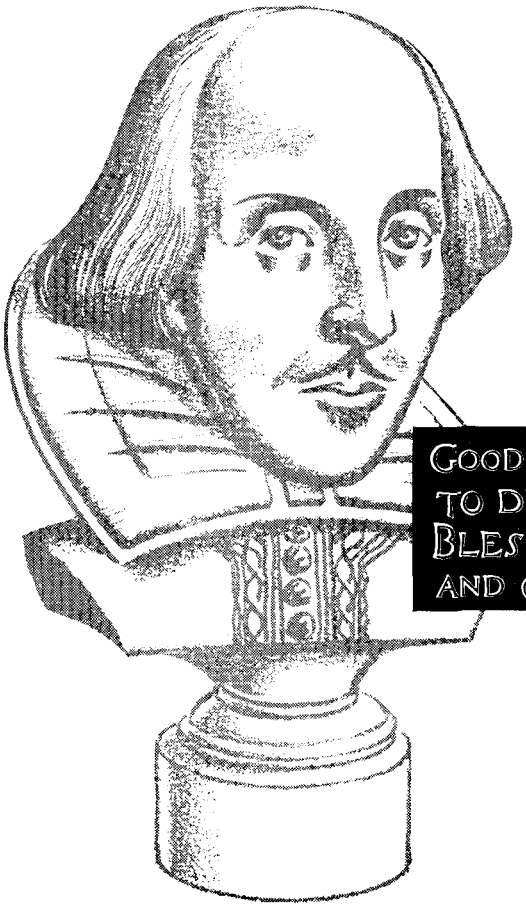
GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE:
BLESE BE YE MAN YT SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE YT MOVES MY BONES.

SHAKESPEARE'S CURSE

There is much to be read between these lines carved on the headstone at the bard's final resting place. What appears to be an epitaph is actually an ingenious device employed by Shakespeare to prevent the disturbing of his grave.

In English churches, where people were buried under the floor year after year, interment space would eventually fill up. The sexton would then remove the remains of those long forgotten to make room for new arrivals.

To forestall this eventuality, Shakespeare resorted to a dramatic device which equaled his most imaginative playwriting. His self-penned inscription kept generations of superstitious sextons from moving his remains and preserved his original grave for posterity.

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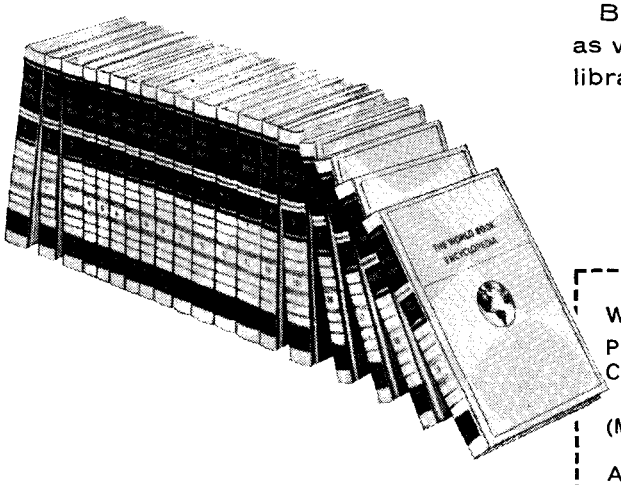

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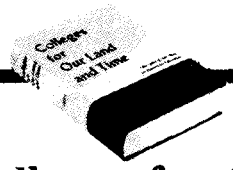

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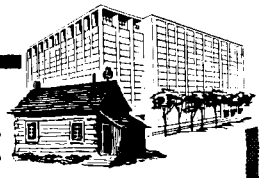

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The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 14, 1957

NEW YEAR: NEW PROBLEMS

SR's *Annual Education Survey*

By FRED M. HECHINGER, *former president, Education Writers Association; associate publisher, Bridgeport (Conn.) Herald.*

"THE next day President Eisenhower through his Press Secretary, James Hagerty, declared that he intended to keep on working for immediate passage of school legislation, as what he wanted was schools. A number of educators observed that if he had made the same statement the day before, the school bill would have passed. The President had remained silent throughout the floor fight."

A summary of the recent news? Not exactly. In fact, the preceding paragraph is a direct quotation from "Who Killed Federal Aid?" by *New York Times* correspondent Bess Furman. It appeared in *SR*'s education issue of *last* September.

If you still have your copy, you might read Miss Furman's article again. It is remarkably up-to-date or, to put it differently, history has repeated itself with great precision.

In the news of the year now up for scrutiny, the killing of the bill for Federal aid to school construction is high on the list. The circumstances of the bill's death were almost exactly the same as the year before. President Eisenhower's regrets were equally profuse. Educators again claimed that had the President spoken sooner he might not have mourned later.

This is not to say that nothing has happened in the world of education in the year 1957. It has:

- The spirit of peace and harmony has spilled over from the realm of politics and of national life to the arena of education and of school life. The only element that has not spilled over very dramatically is that of prosperity: the schools are still searching for money. Bond issues are still voted down, even in such wealthy towns as Darien, Conn., and the colleges are still looking for the answer to the billion dollar question: Who is going to pay for the 100 per cent increase in student enrolment which is predicted between now and 1970?

Perhaps even this statement must be modified, this being the era of modified and moderate statements, for prosperity has been spilling over slightly, at least enough to cover some of the most short-range needs.

AS THE NEW SCHOOL YEAR BEGINS, Fred M. Hechinger surveys the current educational scene in the article starting on this page. Other features in this issue include:

TODAY'S TEACHER: Profiles of the school teacher and the college professor in this year of grace 1957 appear on pages 21 and 19 respectively. The school teacher's role in society is discussed in a new book reviewed on page 41.

PAPERBACKS IN THE CLASSROOM, a new and highly promising teaching tool on the college level, are the subject of an article by Frederick Shroyer starting on page 24.

OUR EGOCENTRIC CHILDREN are the subjects of articles by Terry Ferrer and Leonard Buder. For a discussion of college-age children, see page 18; for children of grade and high-school age, see page 20.

THE CRISIS IN THE COLLEGES, as revealed in the just-released report of the President's Committee on Higher Education Beyond the High School, is discussed by Richard C. Wald, in an article starting on page 22.

TV: TEACHER'S FRIEND? Educational TV is at last coming of age, John K. Weiss reports in an article beginning on page 34.

ONE CITY TRIES INTEGRATION. "The Louisville Story," by Owen Carmichael and Weldon James, is reviewed, along with other new educational books, beginning on page 27.

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Teachers' pay has increased a little.

More schools have been built—some 69,000 classrooms—than in any previous year, though not nearly enough to bring the solution within sight or thought.

Business has been contributing more to higher education than in any previous year (a total of $100,000,000 or four times the amount of five years ago), though not nearly enough to promise an end to the talent shortage which is the heart of the manpower shortage.

• As schools reopen there will be 2.3 million pupils returning to half-day sessions and emergency or sub-standard quarters.

In sheer numbers, the year will set another record (as will every year as far ahead as we can see) with over 43,135,000 young people (from kindergarten through university) taking part in formal education.

The elementary schools will be asked to take care of 30,670,000—or almost one million more than last year.

High schools, with an increase of 600,000, will reach the record total of 8,424,000.

The colleges and universities will find 3,450,000 students on their campuses—an increase of 206,000.

No shortage of students. But despite the impressive total number of 1,262,000 teachers, the country will face a deficit of at least 135,000—another record!

• Nor is this the full story of shortages. Right now it is estimated the nation could use 50,000 more scientists and 100,000 additional engineers. Between 1950 and 1954 the annual number of college graduates, ready and able to teach science was 60 per cent below the 1950 figure. But this year, for the first time, the curve will begin to rise again: the total at the end of June 1957 was only 40 per cent off the 1950 figure—a relative increase of 20 per cent.

Grayson Kirk—"can we afford leisure?"

• Perhaps the most encouraging aspect of the many current trends is that toward better, instead of merely more, education. The colleges continue to upgrade their requirements. Parents are beginning to realize that their younger children will run into trouble when they reach the college deans of admissions some five or ten years from now—unless they are prepared to face them with a good deal of knowledge. Coming at a time when the extreme "self-expression" or "permissiveness" approach to home life and education is in almost total eclipse, the pressures for harder work are making themselves felt. In this regard both educators and finance boards were given their marching orders when National Education Association head William G. Carr said: "The high quality of education that Americans need and will get in the next twenty years cannot be bought in the bargain basement."

One of the agencies that stood in the forefront in the battle against the bargain basement idea was the Ford Foundation of which Henry T. Heald is now president and which, especially through its Fund for the Advancement of Education, devoted most of its spending and experimentation to the idea of quality in spite of quantity. In 1956 it gave $401,000,000 to education and more than half of it to the improvement of faculty pay at 630 colleges and universities. Twenty-five million dollars went to a plan to recruit college teachers and lead them up the ladder through additional training.

While there was considerable concern over the fact that some 200,000 truly gifted young men and women annually leave the high schools without continuing their education, the Fund for the Advancement of Education issued its encouraging report on 1,024 talented boys and 326 girls who had been sent to college two years early, without completing high school—and had done well.

The experiment, says the report, "clearly indicates that the superior student can be hurt by being detained in an intellectual environment he has outgrown . . ." The program, it was found, "freed students from boredom and frustration of an unchallenging high school environment."

• The President's Committee on Education Beyond High School headed by Devereux C. Josephs (really a repeat performance of Harry S. Truman's earlier President's Commissions on Higher Education) finished its work—ahead of schedule, but mainly because Congress, in the grip of its economy mood, would not give it the money it needed to finish the job properly.

D. C. Josephs—"double all faculty pay."

Its recommendations were no surprise, but none the less urgent and vital. Key among them: double all faculty pay levels and triple, by 1970-75, the total expenditure for colleges and universities. Also demanded: a good deal of Federal aid, especially for such items as buildings, scholarships and research. (For other findings of the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School, see page 22.)

• Research remained a sore point. While the government's spending for research had increased from $166,000,000 to $3,500,000,000 within twenty years, little of it went to education. Last year the U.S. Office of Education let $500,000 in contracts. But John H. Fischer, the able superintendent of schools in Baltimore, said: "It would be a wonderful step forward if we were to devote as much money to research on better ways to teach our children as we regularly spend on finding better ways to raise our crops and breed our cattle."

• Looking to the future without government help, the small (and largely unaccredited) colleges organized in order to raise their standards, funds, and prestige. They are caught in a "vicious circle": many of them, though reputable institutions, lack the money to buy the libraries, the facilities, and the faculty Ph.D.'s necessary to achieve accreditation. But lacking accreditation, they find it difficult to get a sympathetic hearing from potential donors.

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Jointly they may be able to overcome their tough handicap. For the sake of American education, most observers hoped they would. Their campuses will be sorely needed.

• While the somewhat snob-inspired theme song of many independent colleges in the past had been "In smallness alone is greatness," the anti-expansionist fervor this year has died down. Almost every college now admits that, for better or for worse, it will have to make plans for growth. The current academic quip is that it will be necessary for all small colleges to expand so that a greater number of students can be offered the benefits of going to small colleges.

A little less audible (but quite real) is the rumbling among the men's and women's colleges to turn themselves into coeducational schools—either outright or by such sneak devices as the Harvard-Radcliffe system.

• Among the most hopeful signs of the year 1957 has been the far greater willingness among educators to open their minds to new—even to what they consider to be obnoxious—ideas.

Merit pay for teachers is the best example. As little as a year ago there was almost universal scorn. Now the idea at least gets a hearing. At the year's educational conventions the panels discussing this thorny problem were invariably mobbed. Several had to put on repeat performances to accommodate the curious crowds of teachers.

The majority opinion continues to be that, because of problems of supervision and grading, the merit pay system cannot work. But this argument becomes less and less convincing as the meetings are confronted with reports from communities which have happily put the unworkable plan to work.

• The concern over the lack of teachers, money, and facilities has given rise to demands in a number of places for a longer school year. Shorter vacations were urged, for instance, by Dr. Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University. He asked whether, with military service, manpower shortages, and long years of professional study we can still afford this "leisurely pace." To date there is little favor for the plan. Among the objections: interference with teachers' further education and with students' chances to earn money during the summer.

• Among the educational leaders who are worried about the low standards of the American high school is the Carnegie Corporation of New York. It decided to find out just what was right and what was wrong and appointed a great name in American education, James B. Conant, former president of Harvard University and until recently U.S. ambassador to West Germany, to begin the job.

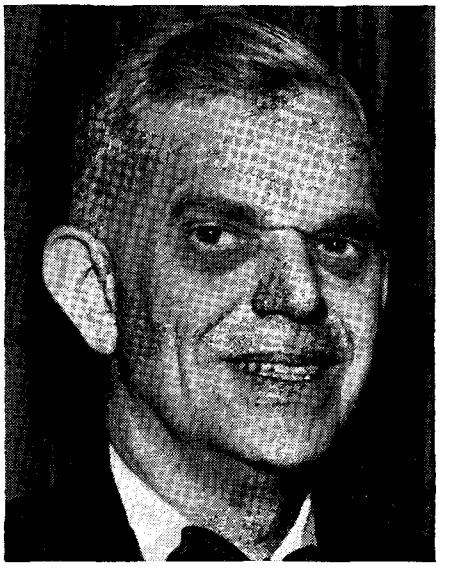
Criticism of the present high school plan does not come exclusively from the outside. That there are internal dissatisfactions became explosively evident when in New York City principals of the vocational and the academic high schools engaged in an open feud over a large number of students whom neither of the two types of schools wanted. An unfortunate new term burst into public view: "dumping" of students. It was a sign that the philosophy of the American high school still needs some careful defining.

Bernard Baruch called for a plan under which local communities would pick successful young men and women and would honor their success by giving monetary awards—not to them but to the teachers they credit with having first inspired them. The aim: to give real recognition to teachers and to help to recruit at least 350,000 new ones by 1960.

As juvenile delinquency became a matter of grave concern and considerable publicity, educators were moving further and further away from persuasive upbringing. During this year, for the first time within a generation, several communities were seriously discussing the legalizing of corporal punishment in school (which had been outlawed as "barbaric") and several others discovered, not without glee, that it had never been outlawed at all.

• Many of the pioneering ideas of the past few years have been proven successful and have thereby ceased to be controversial. Among them were:

The use of TV, not just as an afterthought but as a revolutionary new addition to teachers and textbooks. (See page 34.) One school system—Washington County, Md.—wired itself for sound and view. Its first year of closed circuit TV teaching is generally considered a great triumph.



H. T. Heald—"quality in spite of quantity."

Some twenty-two educational TV channels are now in operation across the country, but in addition a number of commercial stations are being used by educators to make the TV screen an integral part of the teaching process.

In addition, the teachers'-aide system, begun as a highly controversial experiment in Bay City, Mich., reports these findings:

Teachers who can rely on these classroom assistants spend 98 per cent less time correcting papers and 83 per cent less time monitoring written lessons. But they find 105 per cent more time to prepare their classroom work and 27 per cent more time to work directly with their pupils. The idea, by this year, had spread to other places, including Fairfield, Conn., and Salinas, Calif.

• Integration was continuing in some places, but was making little headway in the Deep South. This year the National Education Association, which had earlier tried to abstain from the controversy and to maintain a stand of neutrality, adopted a resolution which, without much fervor and enthusiasm, does support the idea of non-segregation. Great progress was reported from Louisville, Ky., Washington, D.C., Baltimore, and St. Louis.

On the other hand, a number of Northern cities were under fire. New York City and Norwalk, Conn., were charged with hidden segregation. Most of the school officials privately admit that such segregation does exist, but they also point out that its cause is residential. Abolish segregated living, they say (and their argument is reasonable), and you will automatically have abolished the segregated school, at least in the North.

• Connecticut's Citizens Committee for the Public Schools, together with the University of Connecticut, embarked on a fact-finding study to track down the factors which influence education and learning. They were shocked to find that the amount of money spent has little effect. They were even more severely startled to learn that a teacher's effectiveness decreases the longer he remains in the same teaching position in the same school.

On the other hand, they learned that the more professional preparation a teacher brings to his work the more successful he becomes as a

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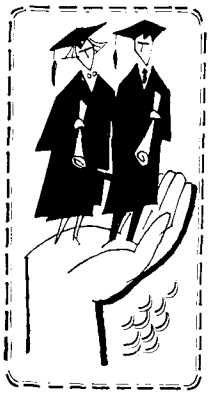


OUR EGOCENTRIC COLLEGE YOUTH

"They aspire for material gratification for themselves . . . and they fully accept the conventions of the contemporary business society."

By TERRY FERRER, *education editor*, Newsweek.

A FEW months ago the Rev. Alvin L. Kershaw, the Protestant Episcopal minister who rose to fame as a jazz expert on TV quiz shows, was visiting a large Midwestern university with Louis Armstrong, the great jazz trumpeter. After the Armstrong concert the students and guests adjourned to the nearby students' union for a discussion of jazz. Ten minutes later a girl jumped up and said: "Excuse me, Mr. Kershaw, but I have to leave now. Thinking makes my head hurt."

This honest young lady may not be completely typical of today's college students—but neither is she completely atypical. Take the senior from one of the best Ivy League institutions who says: "I have my own Golden Rule: Do unto others as they do unto me." Or the sophomore from one of the great scientific university colleges who cheerfully admits that he does not subscribe to any newspaper and never reads one if he can help it.

It is always a temptation to label succeeding college generations—the "jazz-age kids" of the Twenties, the "Depression" youngsters of the Thirties, and, more recently, the "silent generation" or the "cautious generation." If a tag must be found for today's collegians, I should dub them the "egocentric generation."

For those who find this indictment too harsh, let me quickly add that on the whole it isn't all their fault. Going to college used to be something that was only for the few. In 1900, for example, only one of every twenty-five youngsters made it to the nation's campuses. By 1930, the figure had jumped to only one out of twelve. This means that the coon-skinned, flask-carrying boys and girls of the Twenties were indeed some kind of elite. Most of them went to college because their parents could afford to send them and bragged about it. The more serious plunged into artistic and intellectual turmoil. F Scott Fitzgerald and Nathanael West were their gods; their heaven the Left Bank of Paris. President Nathan M. Pusey of Harvard, who graduated in 1928, recalls: "We were concerned with the narrowness of big business and the insensitiveness of American culture. Life seemed to be better understood on the Left Bank of Paris."

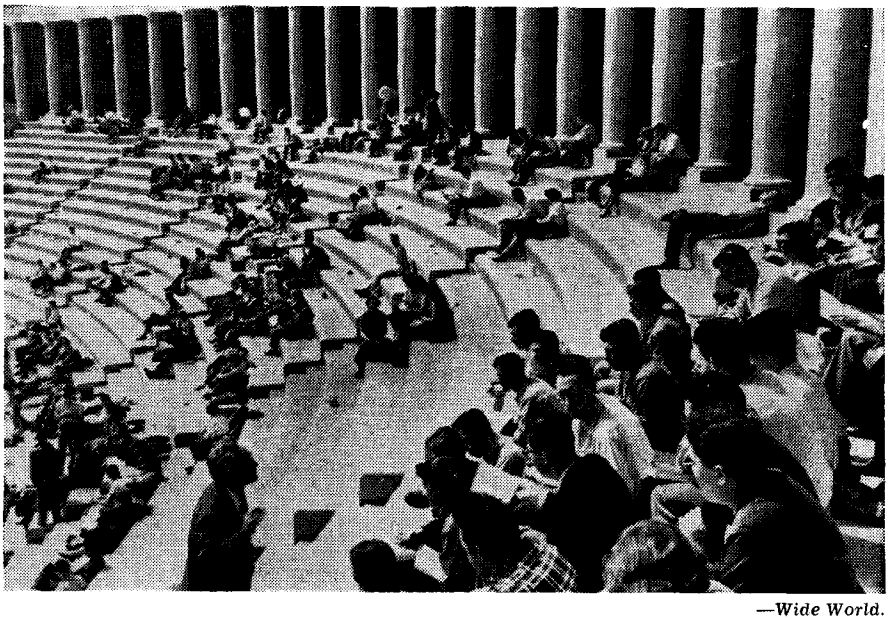
THE collegians of twenty years ago were a far more serious breed. Caught in the financial depression of the Thirties they realized that many of their parents had made a deep sacrifice to send them to college. The League of Nations was an ideological rallying point.

Little "peace clubs" blossomed on many a campus, as Adolf Hitler slowly began to consolidate his power. The Young Communist League started to grow, and even if its numbers were small on most campuses, its misguided members readily made up for size with strength—hefty and occasionally noisy enthusiasm. Still, no one thought the YCL's any odder than those who joined the Young Democratic and Young Republican Clubs. All of the young politicos were more likely to be found reading *The New York Times* than *The Daily Worker*.

It was not until the late Forties that the seeds of today's college attitudes were really sown. Under the GI bill, thousands of veterans invaded the campus. The vast majority studied hard; many professors still say they were the best students the colleges have had in fifty years.

The impact of the veteran was thus the most jarring to hit the nation's 1,900 institutions of higher learning in this century. Its results are evident now: In 1957, one out of every three young people is in college. With the present college population of about 3,500,000 expected almost to double by 1970, and probably double again by 1977, the ratio may even go beyond one of every two boys and girls in higher education. Paradoxically, in a society which is basically anti-intellectual and anti-egghead, a college degree has become the *ne plus ultra*. Some eager statisticians have even supplied its monetary value: $100,000 more earnings per lifetime with an A.B.

It should be no surprise, then, that the young people in college now are not the greatest students. It follows that with more and more boys and girls in college, the intellectual level is not inclined to rise. College faculties complain bitterly that freshmen today cannot write or do simple mathematics—some still cannot read. A charitable college dean from the



—*Wide World.*

New York's Lewisohn Stadium—"paradoxically, in a society which is basically anti-intellectual and anti-egghead, a college degree has become the *ne plus ultra*."

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Northwest said the other day: "They're much worse prepared, but they've got a good spirit. A college freshman bragged to me recently that the average grade in his chemistry course (200 members) was between 20 and 23 per cent. (One guy did get 97 per cent.")

Since he knows that many of his fellow students are in the same intellectual boat, the college boy isn't too upset or drastically concerned about his studies. His parents want him to go to college, he has to go for prestige's sake, and he's firmly convinced that somehow he'll make out.

Dr. Philip E. Jacob, professor of political science at the University of Pennsylvania, recently published the findings of fifteen years of study of college student attitudes on fifty of the nation's campuses. Jacob said that college student values today are "remarkably homogeneous, and in many ways appear quite different from earlier generations. . . . A dominant characteristic of the current student generation is that they are *gloriously contented* both in regard to their present day-to-day activity and their outlook for their future. Few of them are worried—about their health, their prospective careers, their family relations, the state of national or international society, or the likelihood of their enjoying secure and happy lives. They are supremely confident that their destinies lie within their own control rather than in the grip of external circumstances."

Further, Jacob decided that "the great majority of students appear unabashedly *self-centered*. They aspire for material gratifications for themselves and their families. They intend to look out for themselves first and expect others to do likewise.

"But this is not the individualistic self-centeredness of the pioneer," Jacob continues. "American students fully accept the conventions of the contemporary business society as the context within which they will realize their personal desires. They cheerfully expect to conform to the economic status quo and to receive ample rewards for dutiful and productive effort. They anticipate no die-hard struggle for survival of the fittest as each seeks to gratify his own desires, but rather an abundance for all as each one teams up with his fellow self-seeker in appointed places on the American assembly-line."

Certainly today's students shouldn't have any complaints about contemporary business society. They have little trouble getting a job. Most of them work summers to pick up extra pocket money whether they need it

(*Continued on page* 44)

PROFESSOR 1957 . . . A Profile

THIS month three and a half million college students, whose prototype tended to be less scholarly and more egocentric than did that of their predecessors (see opposite page), were heading back to college classrooms. At a ratio of thirteen students to each college faculty member, this meant that the returning students would be greeted on their arrival by approximately a quarter of a million college professors and teachers. But if the prototype of College Student 1957 had changed, so had the prototype of College Professor 1957. Like his lower-echelon colleague, the public school teacher (see page 21), changing times and their accompanying problems were molding him into a very different fellow from his predecessors of more nostalgic times.

Some influences which were helping to remold College Professor 1957:

• Like his counterpart, the public school teacher, College Professor 1957 was turning to other fields for money and spending the minimum amount of time in teaching. Some side jobs: textbook compiling, manuscript reading, and jobs as consultants to businesses. (Most spectacular profit-maker in this way this year, of course, was Columbia University instructor Charles Van Doren who walked away with more than $100,000 from the TV show "Twenty-One.")

• He was finding less time to devote himself to scholarly research, travel, and other pursuits necessary for the broadening of his teaching ability.

• He was tending to become more of a guidepost than a guide in his classroom teaching because of the increasing number of students. In this way colleges were in danger of becoming less a community of scholars and more a mechanical information factory.

• Since the chief aim of College Student 1957 is to become a well-rounded business executive, College Professor 1957 finds himself more and more called upon to turn out junior executive talent for the country's businesses. But at the same time he finds himself more and more involved in the big business of running a college or a university—all the while on very little salary for himself. These were the median annual salaries for full-time college teachers, exclusive of money from side jobs, as listed by the National Education Association: professors, $7,076; associate professors, $5,731; assistant professors, $4,921; instructors, $4,087. Furthermore, the college teacher understandably dreaded to compare his slim chance of earning upward of $7,500 a year during his lifetime with that of managerial personnel in other big businesses. As a result College Professor 1957 was usually a man frankly condemned to genteel poverty. Were it not for resourceful wives who make soup diets go a long way and shop for yesterday's vegetables, College Professor 1957 could not make ends meet. "The plain fact," according to the report released last month by the President's Commission on Education Beyond the High School, "is that the college teachers of the United States, through their inadequate salaries, are subsidizing the education of students . . . by an amount which is more than double the grand total of alumni gifts and endowment income of all colleges and universities combined. This is tantamount to the largest scholarship program in world history" at the expense of the college teacher who can ill afford such magnanimity.

• To the country at large, College Professor 1957 is seen as many different people. To educator Robert M. Hutchins he is a person who tends "to have about the same degree of independence as nursemaids." To big business, he is a plant employee in the big business of education. To the student he is the doorman—and occasionally the doormat—to vocational success. To the idealist, he is the last big hope for preserving the quality and learning of our Western culture. Nevertheless, to his credit College Professor 1957, despite the occasional liturgy of despair, generally regards himself as an optimist. Says one optimistic College Professor 1957 of himself and his fellow college teachers: "He tends to see the cup of learning half full rather than half empty."

—Ray Briggs.

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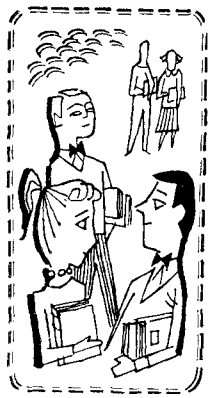

THE CHILDREN OF CONFORMITY

Our children "have abandoned 'causes' for convertibles . . . There persists an uneasy feeling that the good things of life may be lost."

By LEONARD BUDER, *staff education writer*, The New York Times.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD youngster, troubled about segregation in the South, sent President Eisenhower a letter last spring. "I feel very bad that the colored children are in the old schools," she wrote, "and the white children are in the new schools. It hurts my heart very much. Can you do something for them?"

A parent, sounding off about how children have changed, remarked to a friend: "When I was young, all we wanted was a cause to fight for. Now all they seem to want is a convertible."

A high school girl, writing about her problems to the Purdue Opinion Panel, complained, "I wish I could talk over my problems with my folks, but every time I tell my mother something she starts giving me a long lecture on the subject."

A kindergarten pupil, huddled against a corridor wall during a civil defense drill, was asked if she knew what the drill was for. "It's so we won't be blown to bits," she said.

A fifteen-year-old boy explained how he won acceptance by his friends: "I had to show them that I wouldn't punk out in a fight. I had to go into another block and sound out a guy in a rival club. Insult him, you know? So I did, and then we fought. I wasted him—messed him up. I had been like on probation with my own group, but now I was accepted, you know? Now I was a down kiddie. Now I had proved myself; I was a regular."

These five vignettes reveal some of the attitudes, interests, and problems of the elementary school pupil and high school student of today. Each quotation could have been uttered by hundreds and thousands of individuals under similar circumstances. But they do not, of course, tell the whole story.

Numerically, there are a little over 39,000,000 youngsters—a record figure—attending classes from kindergarten to high school this fall. Together, they make up nearly a fourth of the nation's population. Children—and adults—are affected by the times in which they live. As Dr. William Van Til of the New York University School of Education, observes:

"The prosperity decade of the 1920s, with its attendant jazz rebellion, had an effect on youth. The Depression Decade of the 1930s produced a generation which was doubtful of older economic patterns, which was socially conscious, often crusading. The war decade of the 1940s produced young people who knew blood, sweat, and tears, but who experienced a belongingness, a being wanted, a feeling of being important.

"The Fifties? For young people, the Fifties is a time when people never had it so good but never were so nervous. Adult nervousness about the alphabet bombs, about suspicions of subversion, about a potential violence, is manifested in racial tension, delinquency, and violence, and it communicates itself to young people.

"Yet in this economically comfortable decade, they have little tradition of protest, of organization to improve affairs. Politically they are at the center, not radical, not reactionary, holding to the status quo. Yet always there persists an uneasy feeling that the good things of life may be temporary and be lost somewhere, somehow, in an age of anxiety and in a climate marked by fear."

And Dr. Arthur W. Foshay of Teachers College, Columbia University, adds:

"Teenagers now are in contact with the same sweeping world questions that puzzle the adults. These questions have a sobering effect on them. They know perfectly well that the questions are complicated; they know that the adults haven't succeeded in dealing with them. Therefore, teenagers now will not tolerate moralizing or injunctions to follow the simple old virtues of thrift, faith in the inevitable progress of the way of life they know, faith in the wisdom of their elders.

"THEY tend, more than they used to, to make their own independent judgments. They respect adults who help them make judgments, but they distrust adults who make sweeping, oversimplified statements about teenagers, such as 'television has destroyed their reading,' 'they don't respect adults and authority,' and so on."

In his book "The Lonely Crowd," David Riesman presents the view that Americans today are becoming less "tradition-directed" and "inner-directed" and more "other-directed," or socially oriented. In the "other-directed" society, conformity is insured by a widespread sensitivity to the expectations of others, rather than to tradition or to a "voice from within."

Many educators today assert that this emphasis upon conformity is

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prevalent among American students today. In "The American Teenager," which is based on studies made by the Purdue Opinion Panel, H. H. Remmers and D. H. Radler report that in one poll of high school students:

Twenty-six per cent said, "More than anything, I want to be accepted as a member of the group that is most popular at school."

Twenty-nine per cent admitted that they sometimes did things "just to make people like me."

Thirty-eight per cent feel that there is nothing worse than being considered an "odd ball" by other people.

And fifty-one per cent conceded that they try very hard to do "everything that will please their friends."

One psychologist to whom I cited these figures, declared:

"The student today does not take pride in independence; he conforms out of a fear of being considered 'different.' He has no sense of revolt against injustices.

"The school program today, with its emphasis on producing well-adjusted, well-rounded students, is pinching off some of the creative energies of the youngsters. Contentedness does not breed creativity. Our geniuses are not, by and large, well-rounded people."

The psychologist hastened to explain that he was not suggesting that schools turn out maladjusted individuals.

"What I mean," he said, "is that when the school comes across a child with a high scientific interest, for example, who is constantly poring over books, perhaps ruining his eyes and developing round-shoulders—doing what may be good for the long-run welfare of society, even though the side-effects may be bad for him physically—the school shouldn't push this child out on an athletic field, just to make him well-rounded. In the end he probably still won't be well-rounded and what is more, he won't be a scientist."

Today's youngsters, living in troubled and difficult times, may, as Dr. David G. Salten, Superintendent of Schools of Long Beach, N. Y., notes, be "in their own and sometimes uncertain way . . . trying to make the best of it, and at the same time, make the best of themselves. Buffeted about by cross currents and forces they (and most adults) do not understand, today's youngsters react in various ways. Therefore, while many youngsters have apparently abandoned "causes" for convertibles and no longer feel Dante's "divine discontent," it may be because an adult society has taught them that it is often safer to conform than it is to become an individual.

TEACHER 1957 . . . A Profile

WHO are the school teachers of today—and what are they like?

A quantitative identification is now at hand. The National Education Association, surveying the nation's teaching force, finds that one teacher in four is a man. Among male teachers the median age is 35.4 years, and four out of five are married. The median age of women teachers is 45.5 years, and slightly more than half are married. The largest group of male teachers is in the age-bracket of 26-35 years, and in this age-bracket they actually outnumber the women by a slight margin. After 35 the departure of men from the teaching ranks—or the staying power of women—goes up markedly. One important reason why both male and female ranks are depleted: low salaries. For all teachers covered in the NEA study the average salary was $4,055 a year.

LESS susceptible to precise measurement is the question, *what* is today's teacher like? There is abundant evidence, however, that in both attitude and activity Teacher 1957 is different from the school teacher of a few years ago.

Low salary scales have brought about one of the most marked differences between Teacher 1957 and his predecessor. The difference: Teacher 1957, although he must be far better trained than his predecessor, must, because of the rising cost of living, supplement his professional income in a hundred different ways. He sells shoes and acts as a tourist guide, directs camp and runs elevators, tutors the students he can't reach in the regular school year and tends bar, helps on construction jobs and drives cabs. Furthermore, unlike his predecessors, Teacher 1957 does these chores during the actual school year in addition to his teaching chores and not just during that fabled period which is supposed to atone for all other wrongs done him, the summer vacation.

But there are other important distinctions between the outlook of Teacher 1957 and of his predecessors:

Teacher 1957 is, for example, a young man who had been imbued a few years ago with purpose and missionary zeal but who is now quite disillusioned about his entire profession. And he would have some reason for disillusionment. Two years ago the nation was in the midst of a series of regional meetings leading up to the White House Conference on Education. On the final day of the actual conference two months later, the President of the United States, heeding the recommendations of the Conference delegates, promised his full support for a bill to help relieve the grievous shortage of classrooms. Yet since that time Teacher 1957 has seen his hopes marched up Capitol Hill twice only to come tumbling down.

Or Teacher 1957 is an older man or woman whose morale often seems more badly battered than that of younger colleagues. Everyone, even a teacher, understands why school boards have to improve salary scales at the lower rungs if they are to attract new blood where it is most needed. But seasoned instructors are disturbed by the tendency of the same school boards to do considerably less, if anything at all, for those who are at the top of the experience scale. A disappointed Young Teacher 1957 can—and often does—leave the profession. Older Teacher 1957, however, has less flexibility in changing his vocation.

DISRUPTION of Old Teacher's morale is, however, not confined to the economic side of teaching. Many senior instructors ask why they are required to bear the brunt of enforcing discipline—a task often pushed off on them by parents as well as younger teachers. "The young teachers today," says one veteran of less than fifty, "shy from extracurricular or after-school tasks. And, for fear of losing them, many principals are afraid of asking them to take on these assignments." Result: Older Teacher 1957 takes the brunt of the work.

Clearly Teacher 1957 has changed. But perhaps the biggest change of all in Teacher 1957, when he is compared with his predecessors, is that he is no longer the sweet, selfless, silent, suffering servant of society who asks nothing for himself and gets little more than he asks. In fact, Teacher 1957 has learned to stand up for himself. Everyone knows that while the birth rate continues upward, the relative shortage of teachers to serve this expanding population grows, too. And the law of supply and demand has a remarkable effect on strength of the backbone—even teachers' backbones.—DAVID B. DREIMAN.

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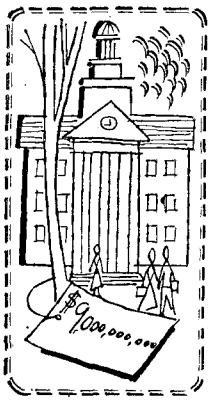


THE IMPENDING CAMPUS CRISIS

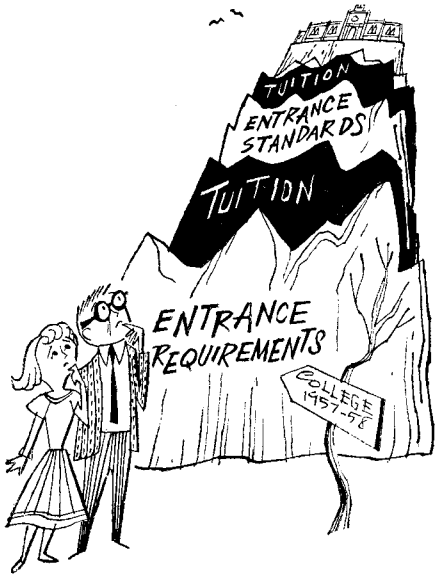
"Before we reach the promised land where colleges have room for all qualified applicants, many solutions must be found."

By RICHARD C. WALD, *staff writer*, The New York Herald Tribune.

THIS year, with a college-age population of about 9,000,000 persons—the smallest it's been in twenty-five years—one out of every three youths between eighteen and twenty-one will be going to some institution of higher learning. That's the greatest number ever. Ten years from now, the college-age population will be 13,700,000 and almost one out of every two in that group will want to go to college: 7,000,000 prospective students.

The crisis in the colleges is not yet upon us. In a situation known for its general gloom, this fact—that there is still a little time—is the one hopeful note. There is some time for a solution to appear on the academic horizon and lead us all into that promised land where colleges and universities have room for all qualified applicants and give them excellent instruction. But though there is some time, there isn't much, and the solution is not yet apparent.

The problem is a fairly simple one, and we seem to have brought it upon ourselves. It has its roots in the fact that as a nation we are producing babies (and have been since World War II) at a staggering rate, and these babies grow up in a society that values a college education.



The fly in the ointment is the increase in costs. In 1957-1958, 1,855 colleges and universities will spend $3,700,000,000. To build the facilities the increased enrolment would require and to pay enough teachers adequate salaries in 1970 would cost these institutions about $7,000,000,000 to $9,000,000,000.

Where is the money to come from? Many an educator would give his doctorate to know. If it doesn't come, what's to be done? Again, one finds much weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but no answer. However, there are some suggestions and some tentative indications of the way things will go for the next decade. They can be considered in the light of the second (and probably final) report of the President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School.

The members of the committee, under the chairmanship of Devereux C. Josephs, set out with the wise presumptions that the people of this nation want to make the best education available to as many of their children as possible and that there ought to be some precedence of needs established to accomplish this.

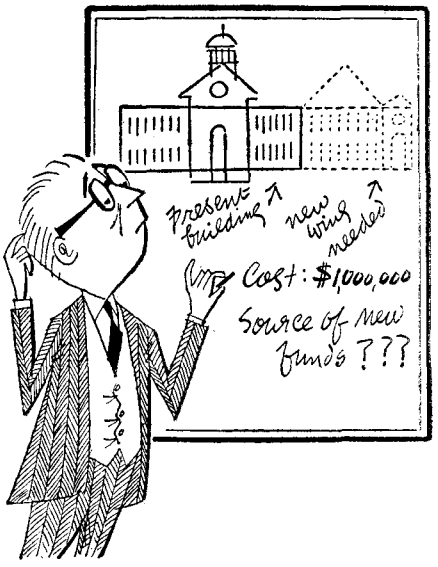
Item One in Recommendation One of the five-chapter committee report is, "that individual institutions insist that expansion of their enrolment be accompanied by adequate provisions for competent faculty." This is in furtherance of their finding that if we are to become a nation of students, we must also become a nation of teachers. To get the teachers necessary for the demand ahead, the committee recommended that the average faculty salary be doubled within the next five or ten years and 'fringe benefits' be improved. It also suggested that faculties could help themselves a bit by intensive recruitment.

Turning to students, the raw material of the educational process, the committee suggested, among other things, government extension of credit on flexible terms; a Federally sponsored "work-study" program that could create on-campus jobs for 25,000 to 50,000 able and needy students; and strengthening of the United States Office of Education to provide more guidance and more vital statistical information. It tended to minimize the importance of the Federal government in providing student assistance programs. These, it seemed to feel, should be privately, locally, and state supported.

On the question of expansion and diversity of educational opportunities, the committee had some interesting comments. It felt that developing of existing institutions should take priority over the establishment of new ones. Two-year colleges are a good idea, but not in such proliferation that they repeat on a larger scale "the errors that were made in developing too many small high schools." It advocated that the government set about studying adult education while some foundation delved into educational and training programs within business and industry.

The fourth of its chapters the committee blandly called "Financing Higher Education." Much of it comes as no surprise, particularly such a recommendation as, "that institutions seek greatly increased income from gifts . . ." But here, once again, it lays down the law that teachers' salaries come before buildings. Also, it suggested that states swap information so that empty classrooms and extra students can get together; and that support be given to worthy small colleges seking accreditation.

A good deal of this chapter, though,



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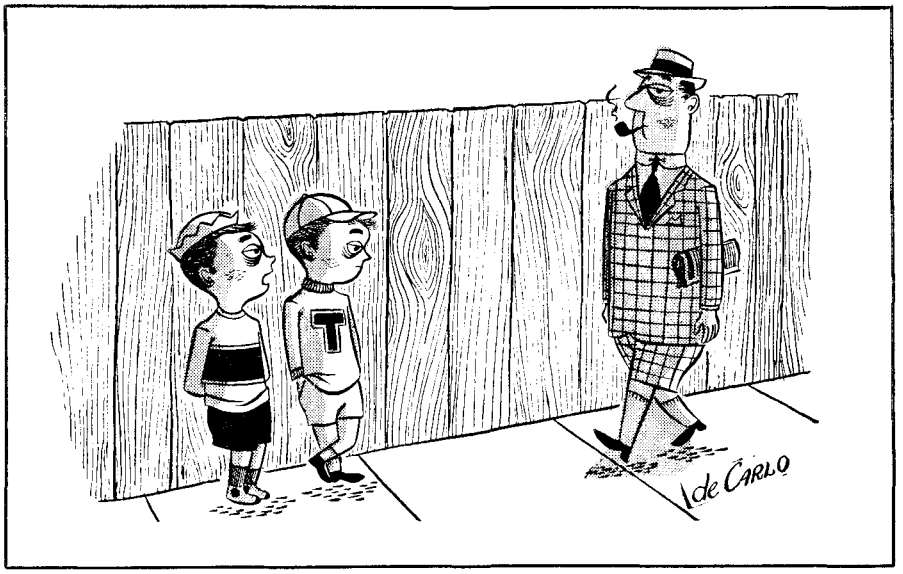
and most of the final chapter concerning "The Federal Government and Education Beyond the High School," seem somewhat beside the point now. Together they call for expenditures which Congress—having killed the school bill in July and voted down the $200,000 which would have kept the present committee going a while longer—seems in no mood to grant.

This leaves everything to the public, the states, and the institutions. The public is not rushing in, dollars clasped in eager hands, begging to be allowed to pay for the class of '71. Nor are the states, which are beset by rising budgets everywhere, taking positive action.

The country's instiutions, however, in individual efforts that constitute regional patterns, are trying a number of things. Ivy League colleges and the older institutions of the East are planning little in the way of expansion. There is an expectation among them that they will increase their student bodies somewhat, but more importantly, they will raise their entrance requirements and simply make it tougher to get in. Columbia presents a clear-cut example of this trend. Like all the Ivy colleges, it has about four times as many applicants as entering freshmen. This year it announced that it plans to expand 20 per cent from 2,363 undergraduates to 2,835. But it also announced that it will use part of its limited funds to go into an expanded program of seminars and individual instruction that will improve the quality as well as the quantity of its graduates. Most of the colleges in Columbia's academic neck-of-the-woods plan to do something similar—expand a bit, enrich a good deal. There are some notable exceptions such as Fordham, which hopes to increase its enrolment by half in the next ten years, and Rutgers, which plans to double its size. But there aren't many.

STATE universities in the rest of the country, though, will expand greatly. In Arkansas, Florida, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Arizona, Michigan, Ohio, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Colorado, and South Dakota, institutions with enrolments already up in the thousands plan increases from 50 to 100 per cent. Some large but lesser known institutions, such as the universities of Wichita and Kansas City, plan to triple their size.

The University of California, for instance, with a present enrolment of 40,000, expects 96,000 students in 1970. Recent studies by university officials indicate that this increase means admission requirements will not have to be raised but that this will not be enough to provide for all of California's needs. They think junior colleges may be the answer.



"Who's the new kid on the block?"

Nearby Stanford University, on the other hand, has 8,200 students and doesn't plan to expand its undergraduate facilities at all. Its president, Wallace Sterling, doesn't think there is anything wrong with raising admission and performance standards to cut down the numbers of those enrolling and enrolled. He recently said, "I think I can report growing acceptance of this point of view—although I must confess that parents are less ready to accept it as applied to their own children than to the children of others."

The president of Brown University, Barnaby C. Keeney, is somewhat unwilling to accept it. He sees an inevitable raising of entrance standards but he has said, "I am very much concerned about a student who has real ability but has not developed academically in secondary school. Some way must be found to identify such students."

The small colleges have problems of their own. The well-known women's colleges among them—Vassar, Wellesley, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr—with small endowments and difficulties in raising funds, have no plans for major expansion. They'll just be harder to enter. Many coeducational and men's colleges, residential institutions which, as Dr. Harold Taylor of Sarah Lawrence has pointed out, need huge sums to expand, make a virtue of their difficulties. Swarthmore, for instance, jealously guards its smallness as a means of educating individuals, not student bodies.

Not all small colleges want to be in the same little boat, though. Many of them in New York have thrown in their lot with slightly larger neighbors to form the Empire State Foundation of Liberal Arts Colleges, which raises funds cooperatively for twenty-three institutions with a total present enrolment of 16,000. All but one of them want the funds in order to expand.

Among the smaller institutions one source of growth lies with the non-accredited colleges. It has been estimated that they represent a plant worth $65,000,000 and are already providing for 25,000 students. With some well-applied money, the Council for Financial Aid to Education says, they could better their facilities, gain accreditation, and take on another 100,000 pupils. They are anxious to grow and may return much for comparatively little. At work in Washington, D. C., for these non-accredited colleges now is an organization called the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges, Inc., whose executive secretary is Alfred T. Hill.

ANOTHER source of growth promises to be the junior college plan. It appeals to educators as a means of providing some training for those who want to advance beyond high school, but not four years beyond; and it appeals to communities which find them inexpensive and efficacious. New York City will provide five "community" colleges by 1967. California, very interested in the subject, has conducted studies to show that junior college graduates do substantially as well in their careers as their four-year brethren. Ohio State is now studying an independent plan "for the development of two-year branches to be conducted in the high-school buildings in the larger population centers in central Ohio." If it is success-

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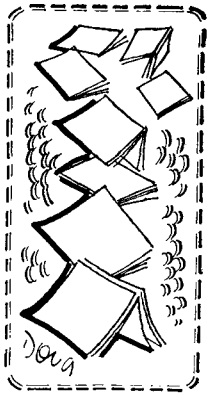
ful, it may set a pattern for the Midwest.

Mere expansion, however, is not the whole story of individual attempts to deal with the impending crisis. Several interesting plans have been proposed to split up the school year so that the existing buildings and classrooms don't go to waste in vacation time.

Oberlin advocates splitting the year into quarters, giving the student two quarters of instruction, one of individual study, and one of vacation. The college estimates that if the program were adopted, "the number of students that a college could serve might be doubled." Antioch has for a long time been engaged in its "study-plus-work" program that puts half the enrolment on campus while the other half is out working and thus, in effect, doubles the student body. Most large universities maintain at least the nucleus of a year-round schedule with their summer schools. Tulane, however, is one of the few actively studying a regular twelve-month academic year. In its plan there would be four-month semesters; each student would study for two semesters and take off the third.

Television, once the horror of all right-thinking men, is being pressed on to the side of good (see page 34). This month, strung out over the nation, there are at least four different attempts to teach regular courses by way of the flickering screen. New York University is presenting a course in literature—for credit—over a local commercial station; the University of Nebraska is attempting something similar in alliance with a correspondence course; the University of Detroit will begin to teach some of its freshmen by television this year, bringing them into class only rarely for talks and tests.

None of the foregoing presents any comprehensive solution to the crisis in higher education. Some of them, though, answer the Devereux Committee's request for "a burst of imaginative experimentation." Perhaps one of them, or an offshoot of one, will prove to be a universal nostrum. For the youth of the country they add up to a message: That no matter how you look at it, it is going to be difficult to get into college next year and it will be a little harder in each succeeding year. To their elders they represent a goad to do better: to become equal to what the committee termed, "an enormous and unprecedented opportunity to develop the human resources of this nation to a broader and fuller degree than even our most optimistic forbears ever dreamed of."



THE PAPERBACK ON THE CAMPUS

From courses in "Archeology" to "World Affairs" the soft-cover books have become an essential college teaching tool.

By FREDERICK SHROYER, *professor of English, Los Angeles State College.*

DURING World War II American soldiers found that no matter where they might be stationed overseas, they were soon followed by cartons of free paperbound books. These Armed Forces Editions, published in an unusual format—they were wider than they were tall—included fiction, biography, popular scientific studies, travel books, and just about any other kind of reading material that a bored, lonely, or tired soldier might want.

Within a short time members of the armed forces found that these books made good and portable friends, and they carried them with them in pockets and barrack bags around the globe and, sometimes, back to the United States. From time to time they can still be found in used book stores and in home libraries, some of them with sand between their pages that once drifted across the Sahara, or spotted with a now dead mold that first grew there in New Guinea or Saipan.

When the soldiers returned from the wars, thousands of them enrolled in colleges across the nation. There they found more paperbounds, this time in college bookstores, and their instructors were quick to call their attention to the course outlines, the excellent critical and historical studies of academic disciplines, the advanced studies in mathematics and physical science, and, in the instance of English courses, the fine selection of fiction that was already accumulating within paper covers.

In the years that have elapsed since the soldiers came home the paperbound book has become one of the major vehicles for the dissemination of reading matter, and in the last few years it has also produced a kind of quiet revolution in the college textbook picture. Little by little, but with an irresistible force, the paperbound wave has moved from the newsstand, across the campus, into the college bookstore, until today it has reached high-tide on the textbook requisition forms of many academic departments in most colleges.

As I write, I have before me a 172-page book—paperbound, of course—titled "Paperbound Books in Print" (R. R. Bowker Co., $2) which has become an essential reference work for many college instructors, for in relatively small print it lists over 6,000 inexpensive reprints and originals in paperbound format, many of them suitable for use in college courses.

A glance at the subject index of "Paperbound Books in Print" makes it entirely obvious that few instructors, regardless of their departments, will feel neglected. The listings in the Spring-Summer 1957 issue go far beyond the belles-lettres one usually sees in paperback departments of book stores. They range from Archeology—through Architecture, Art, Drama, Economics, Geology, Government, History, Law, Literature, Mathematics, Music and Dance, Physics, Psychology, Sociology—to World Affairs. Fiction occupies a separate section. The prices of the 6,000 books range from 25¢ to $1.95. There are a few titles that cost more, but they are not representative of the major price trend. Among these 6,000 titles are hundreds of good novels, critical studies, classics, reference books, and other works which, paperbound or not, are essential and invaluable in scores of college courses.

THOUGH I write from the particular academic niche which I occupy as a professor of English, my colleagues in other departments, including History, Psychology, Mathematics, Philosophy, and Sociology, inform me that this phenomenon is not confined to my own department. The paperbound wave flows more easily into some inlets, it is true, but to some

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depth or other it has covered the entire beach.

There are obvious reasons why the paperbound book has been so happily received within the colleges. To begin with, the prices of hardbound texts have risen to a point where seven or eight five- to eight-dollar textbooks a semester add up to a financial catastrophe for the student. The instructor knows this—or he should—and he is happy that often good paperbound books can be used instead of conventional hardbound texts, either to meet all of the text requirements of a course, or, as is often the case, to supplement economically a basic hardbound text.

I have a list before me of the textbook requisitions for thirteen English courses given at Los Angeles State College. Among these courses are "Interpreting Fiction," "New England Renaissance," "American Realists," "Major American Novelists," and "Twentieth Century British Literature." With the exception of one or two hardbound titles, the requisition forms for the thirteen courses list eighty-four paperbound books. And in each course the student will pay considerably less for the many titles than he would have to pay for one, or at the most two, conventional hardbound texts.

Choosing one of the thirteen courses for a more detailed perusal, we find that the text list for "Twentieth Century British Literature" includes the following: "Main Forces in Modern British Literature," by William Tindall; "The Good Soldier," by Ford Madox Ford; "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," by James Joyce; "Heart of Darkness" and "The Secret Sharer" (one volume), and "Lord Jim," by Joseph Conrad; "The Face of Innocence," by William Sansom; "This Gun for Hire," by Graham Greene; "Brave New World," by Aldous Huxley; "Animal Farm," by George Orwell; "Fifty Great Short Stories," edited by Milton Crane; and "The Pocket Book of Modern Verse," edited by Oscar Williams.

Considering that all of the above paperbound books can be purchased for around six dollars, it is not strange that Dr. Wirt Williams, who teaches the course, should write:

"Both the more expensive and popular-priced paperbounds bring to the professor and the class a much wider range of material and the full text of important works. In this class of twentieth-century literature, for the price of one standard text, I am able to assign the class seven novels, collections of short stories, a verse anthology, and a full-length critical study. . . ."

I can support this statement with an experience of my own. This fall I shall be teaching a course centered about the works, life, and times of George Bernard Shaw. As this will be the first time the course has been offered at my college, I have had the problem of selecting the books for it. I found that the plays were available in several hardbound volumes, but necessarily, I suppose, priced at a level that was prohibitive. At least two of the volumes would have had to be assigned to cover adequately the plays alone.

A perusal of "Paperbound Books in Print," though, showed that most of the important plays of Shaw were available in paperbounds costing from 35¢ to 50¢ each—and in one instance four of them were available in one volume for 50¢. Further, G. K. Chesterton's "George Bernard Shaw" could be bought for 95¢ and William Irvine's admirably edited "Bernard Shaw: Selected Plays and Other Writings" was available for 95¢, too. From the titles available I was able to compile a comprehensive and representative list of books for my course at a total cost to the student of around five dollars. And, of considerable importance to me, I had exactly the material I wanted to use.

By using paperbounds, in this way, the college instructor is able to create a text tailored to his own specifications, and the result is not only an "anthology" at a much lower price and containing much more material than a hardbound book would, but also one which contains only the material the instructor wants to use.

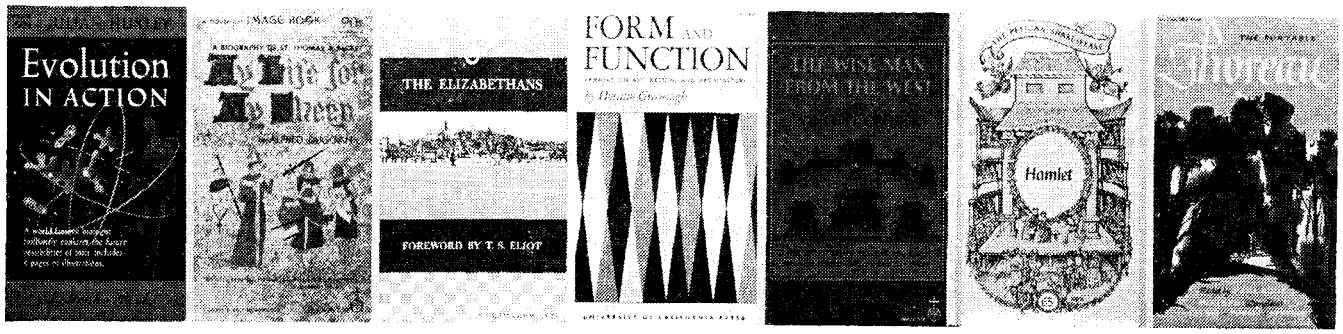
Teachers of literature are, of course, luckier in this respect than their colleagues in the more specialized and technical departments. While it is possible to organize many philosophy courses around paperback reading lists—almost the whole range of basic philosophic works from Aristotle to Sartre is available—it is not possible to flesh out a physics or chemistry course.

In spite of the presence in the Bowker list of such recondite titles as Bertrand Russell's "An Essay on the Foundations of Geometry," Robert D. Carmichael's "Introduction to the Theory of Groups of Finite Order," and Max Born's "Experiment and Theory in Physics," paperback readings in the sciences do not meet the needs of the average college science student. The relatively short—but highly stimulating—listings in these areas are obviously aimed at the advanced graduate student and the layman interested in collateral reading in the field of philosophy of science.

Paperback possibilities in history lie somewhere between the extremes described above. Basic texts and documents are available here and there, but it is in background reading in such works as G. G. Coulton's "Medieval Panorama," Lord Acton's "Essays on Freedom and Power," Ernst Cassirer's "The Myth of the State," and the Penguin series on archeology and ancient history that the paperbacks make their strongest contribution to college history courses.

Despite these limitations, there is no question that paperbound reprints are working a revolution in liberal arts education. And with the prospect of gigantic college enrolments within the next decade, the revolution is sure to continue.

The student feels pretty good about all of this. He's pleased by the course economy involved but he's equally pleased because he can buy more books for his library, too. The modern student likes books, and I believe that one of the more pleasurable duties of a college instructor is to encourage this love of and respect for



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books in the student. College libraries understandably do not like to buy a large number of copies of one title, and as a result, when a large class is assigned such outside reading, each student must read the book when and if it is available, often in snippets and at awkward times. In the past there wasn't much an instructor could do about this situation; today, he can require the purchase of many such books in paperbound form, knowing that it will not create an excessive strain on the student's pocket.

Paperbounds have come to the college campus to stay, but I do not think they will ever replace entirely the conventional hardbound text. Many specialized courses simply do not have enough students to provide the market that would make low paperback prices possible. There are physical limitations, too, that must be considered: a heavy volume with numerous expensive plates would not, I think, lend itself to paperbound format—and certainly not to paperbound prices. Survey texts, which require wide coverage of dissimiliar and graduated materials will probably remain clothbound. But in connection with this I doubt that the editor of a freshman anthology will ever again feel that he can justify the inclusion of a complete novel in such a textbook.

Then, too, paperbounds are not entirely reliable as yet. All too often between the time that an instructor lists them on his course requisition and the first meeting of his class the next semester, titles go out of print without any warning whatsoever. Paperbound publishers may eventually want to determine which titles on their lists are used consistently by colleges and then do something about keeping sufficient numbers of them in print to meet college demands. At the very least they should announce titles to be retired far enough in advance to permit the instructor to adjust his list. Publishers also may want to remind themselves constantly that the popularity of their books derives primarily from their low cost, and that this advantage will diminish substantially with each increase in the price of the books.

Today, however, the invasion of the colleges by the paperbounds is seen by both instructor and student as one of good friends and helpers. Whether the paperbacks arrive prepared to take over an entire course, or, as in most instances, they come as reinforcements for the conventional text, both the college instructor and the student have learned to be grateful for them.

Pick of the Paperbacks

THIS autumn's harvest of paperback books will be a bumper crop, with 130 new titles (a record for a single season) joining some six thousand already on the racks. More than fifteen million paperback books have been sold in the past five years and, despite backroom forebodings about the danger of the market becoming glutted, the trade's wise men predict that this year's sales will rise to more than a quarter higher than in 1956. This season half a dozen more publishers are wetting their feet in the paperback field, raising the total to two dozen.

Although the paperback industry's diet consists largely of reprints, it is developing an avid appetite for originals. Foreign books in new translations, often available for the first time in English, brighten the fall lists.

With such titles on the way, this fall should be a happy time for everyone—students, teachers, laymen with lively intellectual curiosities—perhaps even for dealers and publishers.

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE. *By Amy Kelly. Vintage.* $1.25. An authoritative and readable biography of an extraordinary queen set against the medieval splendor of the Capets and Plantagenets.

SELECTED POEMS OF EZRA POUND. *New Directions.* $1.15. Selections revealing the many and diverse facets of Pound's verse.

STEINBECK. *Viking Portable.* $1.25. Samplings that include familiar stories, selections from novels, as well as the lesser-known communiques of his W.W. II-correspondent days.

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. *Edited by Francis Steegmuller. Vintage.* $1.25. The force of Flaubert's powerful personality and his unswerving concern for his art shine clearly through these letters, selected and edited by his biographer.

THE ORIGIN OF PSYCHOANALYSIS. *By Sigmund Freud. Anchor.* $1.25. Letters written to Wilhelm Fliess, a Berlin physician, between 1887 and 1892 record some of Freud's basic theories of psychoanalysis and offer many personal revelations about Dr. Freud himself.

THREE PLAYS. *By Sean O'Casey. St. Martin's Library.* 95¢. The trio, in the Irish manner, are "Juno and the Paycock," "The Shadow of a Gunman," and "The Plough and the Stars."

ESSAYS. *By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. Vintage.* $1.25. From Faust to Freud, these essays of the Thirties show the German novelist as an able and astute critic.

THE HOUSE IN PARIS. *By Elizabeth Bowen. Vintage.* 95¢. A lonely little boy evokes from the past a Paris pension's story of love and intrigue.

SOME PEOPLE. *By Harold Nicholson. Vintage.* 95¢. Bright and witty sketches of unusual people the author encountered in a long and varied career as a British diplomat.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES. *By Thomas Hardy. St. Martin's Library.* 95¢. Hardy's 1891 novel of Tess and her trials with Angel Clare.

THE SAVOY OPERAS. *By W. S. Gilbert. St. Martin's Library.* 2 vols. $1.25 each. A baker's dozen of complete texts of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

THREE MEN IN A BOAT. *By Jerome K. Jerome. Penguin.* 65¢. This 1889 book has become a classic of British humor.

REASON AND ENERGY. *By Michael Hamburger. Evergreen.* $1.75. Eight long essays concerning the conflict between "reason and energy," as revealed in the writings of German authors starting with the early nineteenth century and ending with twentieth century expressionists.

GREAT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ESSAYS. *Edited by Douglass S. Mead. Rinehart.* 65¢. Representative works that trace developments of the essay from Francis Bacon to J. Robert Oppenheimer.

THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE. *By Brian Moore. Dell.* 35¢. In his first novel, Mr. Moore tells a moving story of a middle-aged spinster in dreary Belfast.

HELENA. *By Evelyn Waugh. Image.* 65¢. Told with wit and elegance is the life of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, who later became a saint.

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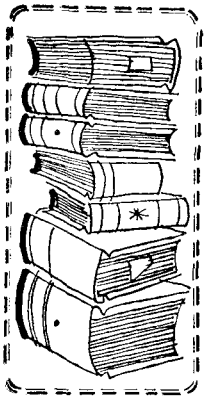

NEW BOOKS ON EDUCATION

- *Louisville Tries Integration*
- *New Goals for Education*
- *A Century of the NEA*

One City's Success

"The Louisville Story," by Omer Carmichael and Weldon James *(Simon & Schuster. 169 pp. $3.50), is a report on how desegregation has been accomplished in that city's schools. It is reviewed by John H. Fischer, superintendent of schools of Baltimore.*

By John H. Fischer

WHEN Louisville successfully desegrated its public schools a year ago, some observers thought that the news was too good to be true and others predicted that the change would lead to serious trouble. Both views proved to be wrong and people throughout the nation, from the President on down, began to ask how it had happened.

In a clear, straightforward fashion, "The Louisville Story" answers the question by tracing against the background of social change in the city itself the planning and action that took place in the schools. Weldon James, associate editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal,* did most of the writing, but the account is presented from the viewpoint and largely in the language of Omer Carmichael, the Superintendent of Schools.

The story is well worth telling, for what happened in Louisville meant much more than merely the addition of another to the growing list of school districts complying with the Supreme Court's decree. To be sure, Washington, Baltimore, St. Louis, and hundreds of smaller places had desegregated earlier; but Louisville, to a degree quite beyond the other major cities that preceded her, is a Southern city. Not only has Louisville's action shown what can be done by a city of Southern background and outlook, but it has demonstrated an approach to the problem which has substantial relevance for many other places, North and South.

Dr. Carmichael states the essence of the achievement in one sentence. "It represents," he says, "teamwork within the school system and a school-community relationship capable of developing a climate in which a program can succeed."

Obviously, neither the teamwork nor the climate was created overnight, nor did they come about merely because the Court required a change in school admission policies. The foundations of Louisville's success are set deep in the life of the community and have been strengthened by the cumulative effect of a continuing, consistent series of events. Some small, some large, each of these earlier accomplishments was a step toward better race relations, aimed at enabling Negroes to enjoy the rights to which all citizens are entitled. While some of the changes of past years were the result of court action, others have been taken voluntarily by city authorities or in response to leadership by civic groups.

Until recently Louisville was by law and by custom as segregated a city as almost any in the South. The past decade, however, has seen the public library and the golf links opened to Negroes, segregation eliminated at a bus terminal, and Negro professional men admitted to the local bar and the Jefferson County Medical Society. The decision of the school board to open the public schools without racial discrimination was no reversal of course, but rather a long stride in the direction in which the city had already made notable progress.

The new school policy was not adopted hastily, nor without careful preparation. Indeed, the timing of the change seems to have been very much the sort of thing the Supreme Court meant when it used the word "deliberate." Immediately following the 1954 decision, Superintendent Carmichael and his board began to lay plans for compliance, never once considering defiance or subterfuge. They knew that serious difficulties had to be faced, but they determined to deal with them openly and honestly. The Superintendent and members of his staff spoke to countless groups, answered innumerable questions, conferred with teachers to help them get ready, and worked through the myriad administrative details to redistrict the entire school system.

The guiding purpose in the reorganization was the most efficient use of every school building. In no case

(*Continued on page* 38)

—*Wide World*

"Louisville's success . . . enabling Negroes to enjoy the rights (of) all citizens."

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Intellectuals in Gray Flannel Suits

A DOZEN years ago, when it was becoming clear that the days of World War II were numbered, the mass-circulation magazines carried advertisements of the great corporations depicting, in full color, the miracles that technology had in store for postwar America.

It was but a matter of months until writers on cultural matters, infected by the optimism in the air, began predicting that as soon as the boys and girls were back from the barracks, America would start seeing one of the finest flowerings in our literary history. Had not the decade following the end of World War I been the age of Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Lewis, Dos Passos, Faulkner, Wolfe, O'Neill—writers who were not only glories of America but major figures in all Western literature? This conviction that a golden day was dawning was so widely held that, as soon as the returnees produced their first books—almost invariably novels about the war—each was discussed by critics and journalists as if he were a budding Hemingway or Faulkner.

Looking back at them now, the ads in the magazines make less wry reading than the books and articles about the arts. Not all the miracles promised by the corporations have come to pass, but certainly there has been a marvelous flow of creature comforts from the laboratories and factories, the end of which is not yet in sight. However, none of the newcomers so loudly hailed has yet shown that he could write more than one good book. The writers who dominate the scene today—Cozzens, Hersey, Irwin Shaw, O'Hara, Steinbeck, not to forget Hemingway and Faulkner—got their starts well before the war and in all honesty must be described as at least middle-aged.

What happened to the young generation of which so much was expected? This spring the weekly *New Leader* published a series of eighteen articles about the five million Americans who have come of age since Hiroshima, especially those with intellectual interests. Most were written by members of the generation itself, a few by oldsters of forty-one or forty-two. The essay that kicked off the discussion, so perceptive and so rich in insights that all the pieces that followed were but commentaries or quibbles, was the work of a brilliant twenty-seven year old named Norman Podhoretz.

Mr. Podhoretz's generation, he and his colleagues make clear, is one old before its time—"a generation that has skipped its adolescence." While it was in school and college the draft was always hovering over it; inevitably it put in several years of military service. With the Bomb and the Cold War ever haunting, it grasped for the satisfactions to be found in early marriage, a large family, a house and car of one's own, and all the creature comforts that the wartime ads had promised. Most of its members found economic and emotional security by joining one of the large corporations, to play their expected roles as organization men in gray flannel suits.

Those of the young men whose interests were humanistic and artistic became teachers at universities, editors and staff writers for large publishing enterprises, writers of copy for advertising agencies and of scripts for television networks. For them there could be no period of bohemian life on the Left Bank or in Greenwich Village such as the youth of the Twenties enjoyed. The pay check and the family responsibilities were too large, the social gains of the New Deal era so satisfactory, that they felt no urge to man picket lines as youth did in the Thirties.

In the fattening Fifties the young men are inarticulate—"silent," "beat," "conformist," guilty of "apathy" and "intellectual cowardice," in the phrases of their disgusted elders. The kicking up of heels of the San Francisco school, of which Jack Kerouac is the outstanding member, seems only the exception that proves the validity of the generalization.

The participants in the *New Leader's* symposium assure us that although their generation does not talk much about itself, it is indeed writing, reading, and living in its own fashion. Its forte is criticism because, being made up of organization men, it writes on the sufferance of the great foundations, which find it safer to bestow awards on projects that do not require that illusive, hard-to-measure spark that is imagination. It is concerned with the "moral life" of the individual and with the teachings of religious and ethical leaders. The poems it writes are well-bred poems, and the novels — which do not bear "much trace of direct contact with life"—are full of complexities about God, Man, Society, Life, Death, and Sex. It maintains a cultivated interest in food, clothes, furniture, jazz, and manners; it is "poised, sober, judicious, prudent." If the young generation as a whole is made up of organization men, the young intellectuals are for the most part academic men.

WILL this young generation ever speak out or act up? Mr. Podhoretz suggests that it has not skipped its adolescence, but merely postponed it. Perhaps "something very wonderful may come about when a whole generation in the late Thirties breaks loose and decides to take a swim in the Plaza fountain in the middle of the night." Perhaps. But one does not have to expect that F. Scott Fitzgerald will happen again to be hopeful for the future of American literary life. Perhaps the silent generation is just quietly maturing and when it is ready to speak out it will have something far riper and richer to say than the noisier ones that preceded it.

—R. W., JR.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SUPPRESSION OF INDIVIDUALITY

I CANNOT BELIEVE that what is best for everybody is best for anybody. So, in the account of educational television, "the most significant thing going on in America today," by Carl Bakal (*SR* Aug. 24), the remark "A small minority deplored them for oversimplifying the lessons," and the sixteen-year-old's comment "...Too many kids ask stupid questions anyway or take up a lot of time asking smart-aleck questions just to show off" indicate all too clearly the trend towards the suppression of individuality manifested by this educational process.

GORDON HYATT.

New York, N. Y.

TOMORROW NEVER COMES

TOMORROW SEEMS at least a century away to the teacher. We're more concerned with such things as safety hazards, lack of space and equipment, and what to do with the thousands of handicapped children who are enrolled in the regular classroom. Heaven help us if the taxpayers think that the only thing we lack is television.

BEVERLEE HETZEL.

Palm Springs, Calif.

WHAT DIGS DEEP?

WHEN WILL MEN like Mr. Bakal understand that there's no Royal Road to learning? Gimmicks like TV probably have their uses, but they're largely irrelevant. It's the blood, sweat, and tears which go into study that dig deep into a personality, and turn an ignorant child into a cultured and creative citizen.

OSCAR DAVISSON.

Tucson, Ariz.

DOES THINKING MATURE?

I WONDER HOW well Mr. Bakal realizes he reported a threat to the individual, an Orwellian sort of warning. We must find out how thinking processes and scholastic propensities mature as the children sit "as engrossed as if they were at home watching Captain Kangaroo or Howdy Doody..." before we sanction this new technique.

JOE M. TOCKMAN.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

WHAT CAN TV DO?

CARL BAKAL claims too much. If the education of our youth consists only of obtaining ideas, meanings, understandings then he is right that we can teach hundreds of children with fewer teachers. But for ages our teachers who sensed what must be done have known that education is much more than getting ideas. They must be put to use in one's life. After fifty years of work in schools at all levels the writer has seen many new ideas come and, in time, find an appropriate role in the educational program. So let it be with teaching by the TV. Let us use it where it is the kind of device appropriate to the objectives of learning. Surely TV teaching can make a major contribution to acquisition of ideas, meanings, understanding; but wisdom and high-quality human behavior are also objectives and to these the TV can contribute little.

A. R. MEAD.

Gainesville, Fla.

"It's the latest! Exhale, and it shoots poisoned arrows; inhale, and a special deodorant in the mouthpiece sweetens your breath."

COZZENS THE DEFENDER

IN *SR* AUG. 24 I find a brief biographical sketch of James Gould Cozzens. In it an error is perpetrated and, like all good scholars, I make haste to "set the record straight." Mr. Cozzens was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in the March 1920 issue (not 1919). The publication was not a "story"; it was an article entitled "A Democratic School." It was written in answer to "A Boarding School Inquiry" printed in the January 1920 issue of the *Atlantic*. In it the author, Edward Wilson Parmelee, then a master of Salisbury School, had pointed out the failings of boarding schools in general. As a student in the fourth form at Kent School, Mr. Cozzens came to the defense.

EARL TANNENBAUM.

Carbondale, Ill.

THE OTHER SINS

I AM ANNOYED with Philip Wylie's distortion (*SR* Aug. 17), "It was Jesus who knew—honestly, if regretfully—that all the men of His era were adulterers; . . ." The St. John version says: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." It does *not* say, he that is without the sin of adultery among you, etc. The accusers could have easily enough been free of the specific sin of adultery. There are nine other commandments in the Decalogue and most of the real point of the story is lost if this is forgotten. I regret to see Mr. Wylie, who seems usually to understand more clearly than most that virtue is not to be equated solely with physical chastity, make such a distorted and confusing statement.

SARAH HENDRICKS.

New York, N.Y.

ADDITIONS TO CHECKLIST

"CHECKLIST OF ENEMIES" (*SR* July 27) was as challenging as sound. Yet several omissions are too glaring to be ignored. The gifted and sensitive writer who explores the subtleties of untypical individuals torn from the context of our times; his colleague who fritters away considerable talent toying with word-forms in a kind of literary scrabble game, practising verbal manipulations, seeking to dazzle with clever ornamentations and to delude with exercises in ingenuity; the editor whose eyes are fastened upon the market and who surrenders to his idea of its dictates; the sterile teacher who fails to stimulate reflection and enlarge vision; the social scientist absorbed in techniques and lost in a maze of graphs; the medical profession obsessed with surgical procedures or medical economics and forgetting life. . . . Do not these belong in N.C.'s checklist?

MORRIS ADLER.

Detroit, Mich.

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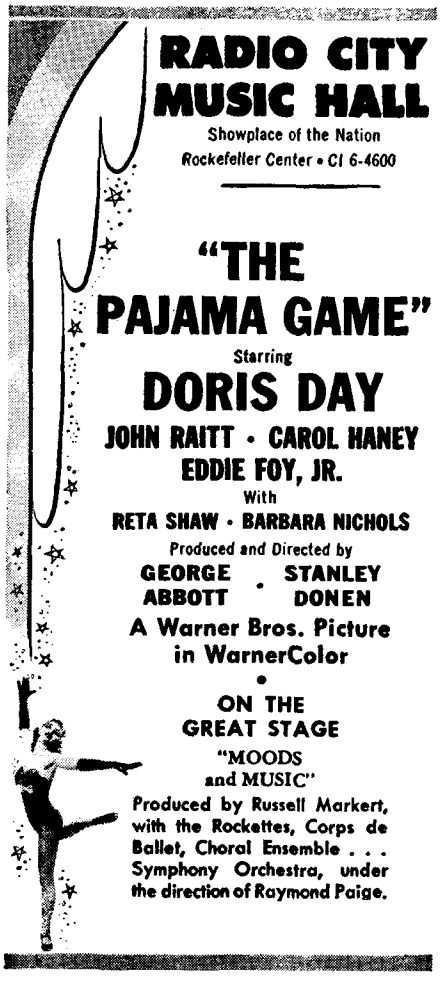
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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

What Rankles Rank

THE British film people have rallied again for an all-out onslaught on the American market. Spearheaded by the Rank Organization, which since the first of the year has set up ten exchanges for the sale and distribution of Rank films, they have at last succeeded in penetrating beyond the art houses of a handful of our big cities.

Of course, the chances are that you have never heard of most of these pictures that are suddenly finding their way into the hinterland—action movies with titles like "Checkpoint," "The Black Tent," "Out of the Clouds," or "Triple Deception." Often they are intentionally kept away from the big cities—and those big-city ogres, the critics. Or they will turn up suddenly in pairs out in the neighborhoods, far from the spotlight of the first-runs. For their purpose is, purely and simply, bread-and-butter. With catchy titles and such semi-familiar names as Anthony Steel or Kenneth More to help sell them from the marquee, they make little pretense at quality or prestige. But if they add no luster to the Rank name, they do add one vital element to the Rank Organization—the sheer quantity of product that alone makes it possible for a large distributing firm to stay in business.

What is left, I should say, represents a cross-section of what the Rank Organization thinks the more discriminating moviegoer *ought* to like. Just now the British seem to be leaning in their big films toward dramatized but intensely factual accounts of incidents from World War II or Korea, such as the recent Wilcox-Neagle production **"Battle Hell"** (known somewhat less luridly in England as "Yangtze Incident"), which simply tells how the men of the *HMS Amethyst*, a small battleship, stood up under months of Red fire. Its heroics are impressive, curiously remote from the derring-do antics of our combat films.

"Pursuit of the Graf Spee" is a beautifully photographed, absolutely shapeless report on the British naval tactics that led to the scuttling of the famed German raider in the harbor of Montevideo. With the viewpoint shifting constantly from the Nazi commander's (splendidly portrayed by Peter Finch) to that of half a dozen British officers, and the climax narrated like a football match by a near-hysterical NBC announcer, emotional involvement is blocked at every turn. Obviously, no expense has been spared to achieve authenticity—but just as obviously, as the film nears the two-hour mark, authenticity alone is not enough. Similarly, in **"A Town Like Alice"** a story that might have been deeply moving is permitted to straggle on through endless repetitions, finally disintegrating completely in an extraordinarily banal happy ending. This time the war incident is the horrifying trek of a band of about two dozen British women trapped in Malaya by the Japanese. Because there are no camps for them, and no one will accept responsibility for them, they are kept constantly on the move, trudging from one place to the next, given little food and no medicines with which to care for their sick. And yet the women grow in strength and morale. It is a theme of rare grandeur, but handled in terms of cliché and stock characterizations.

The fact is, I am afraid, that the Rank Organization is more skilled at film distribution than at film making. One further fling at the grand-scale production, **"The Spanish Gardener,"** seems to underscore the common fault. This adaptation of an A. J. Cronin novel probably read well enough in script form—a story of a little boy, a too-stern father, and an upright, sorely put-upon young gardener. It had familiar characterizations, familiar situations, familiar dialogue, familiar "heart interest." If it lacked any surprises, any visual excitement—well, they would photograph it in VistaVision and Technicolor along the beautiful Spanish coast. But handsome camera work has never been able to overcome trite writing.

About a year ago, when John Boulting was here, he said of the Rank Organization, "The accountants have taken over. They approve the scripts, and approve only the successful formulae of yesterday." Boulting is the independent who, with his brother Roy, made the fresh and irreverent "Private's Progress." The two are back again now with **"Brothers in Law,"** an almost-as-funny jibe as the legal profession. But what makes "Brothers in Law" especially heartening at this time is its evidence that the craft of Britain's film making is not *completely* in the hands of the accountants. Even in this admittedly minor effort, there is the feel of good technique, a sense of communication that is both personal and appealing.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Tote Up Telemeter

YOU may be nearer than you think to Pay-As-You-See-TV. International Telemeter Corporation, one of the competing toll-TV systems courting the favor of the FCC, the entertainment industry, and the public (Zenith and Skiatron are others) is inviting film exhibitors "as well as other people interested in the entertainment business . . . broadcasters, publishers, sports promoters . . . to apply for the local Telemeter franchise in their city."

Telemeter can operate either by air link through your local TV station or by wire direct to your home. You would pay nothing for the installation, maintenance, and service of a Telemeter—that's what the company's promotional literature asserts. A Telemeter representative, however, at a recent demonstration for trade and press in New York City, admitted that there might be "a minimum monthly charge to the set owner." And, presumably, if you proved not to be a profitable pay-TVer, you'd forfeit the privilege: your Telemeter would be yanked. The device—much like a table model radio—would respond, when properly buttoned, with a "barker" voice repetitively announcing the day's schedule of programs and their respective admission prices. If you chose then to pay and see, you would flip on the wired Telemeter channel. This would be a channel not now used in your community—an addition to and not a subtraction from your current network and independent choices.

On that wired channel you would have interior choices A, B, and C: a new movie, a ball game, or a "live" telecast from your local Telemeter studio (which would most likely be operating next to the candy concession in a neighborhood movie house). If you flipped the channel selector to choice A—the movie—a "scrambled" image would come up on your TV set, and the admission price would be shown on a sort of cash register slot on the Telemeter. You would then pay the electronic box office the desired amount in coins. The robot cashier would not make change if you put in four quarters for an eighty-five cents program. It would, however, credit you with the extra fifteen cents and show the sum in the cash register slot. Tired of the movie, you could flip to B and the ballgame, pay another admission price (the brain would remember the credit), and so on to the end of your coins.

At the end of each month, the man in the Telemeter hat would visit your home, remove the bulging coin box and the magnetic tape, put in a new box office, and go away somewhere for the splitting of the take among the entrepreneurs. Father can build up a fistful of tickets in the Telemeter, and when he and Mother step out of an evening the kids can bust their charge account at the Telemeter bank.

TO the producers of sports and entertainment Telemeter promises, as do all toll-TV systems, a dazzling spectrum of million-dollar grosses. To the broadcasters it presents the "lick 'em or eventually join 'em" dilemma. To the public, Telemeter via wire offers a service complementary to rather than incompatible with so-called "free" TV. The future is still too complex, too obscure to predict assuredly that this benign relationship will remain the same if the FCC gives the official go-ahead to pay-TV by air link. But if the Telemeter Story is a proper portent of the coming box-office TV future, then it is up to the FCC to make certain that "cultural and educational" programming is securely provided for under any ground rules laid down for any adopted system of pay-television. The Telemeter people talk to the literate set-owner about TV "geared to the class market" and offer their system as "the only real opportunity for the public to receive programs on that cultural level." To the movie exhibitor and potential franchise holder, on the other hand, they talk of "mass entertainment at mass prices."

They are rather ambiguous about how the properly benevolent ratio is to be maintained. Under the Telemeter wire system program control is left entirely to the discretion of the local franchise holder. What or who is to restrain him from inevitably reaching for the widest possible audiences and perpetuating under a new tyranny of "cultural democracy" the present general structure of sponsored TV? Some formula must be found to make sure that the historic change will really bring new frontiers of entertainment in *kind* as well as in *degree*.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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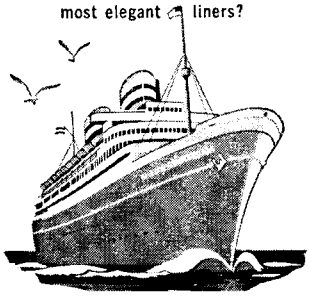

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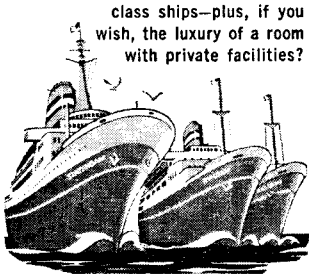

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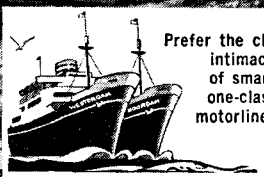

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We Buy Old Gold

OUT in the land of the huge horizon and the deep-freeze winter they are fond of calling Virginia City, Montana, the Williamsburg of the West. I think that is a vast presumption, since Williamsburg in its salad days was performing with grace and white gloves what Virginia City much later was to execute with spit, six-shooters, cuss words, and occasionally a yardarm. It follows, I believe, that anybody trying to re-create an era of farthingales and candlelight does it with care and exactness that rather typifies the period. But the rebuilding of the time of the gold-hustlers who built Virginia City in the first place calls for a lustiness which certainly isn't lacking in the latter-day model. I mean, what other town would exhibit, in its museum, the pickled toe and ankle bones of a desperado known as Clubfoot George Lane?

It was after the California fields had been well-picked that prospectors, poking far afield, finally hit a lode in July 1862 on Grasshopper Creek, an offshoot of Beaverhead River. A metropolis called Bannack rose out of the sagebrush and became capital of the new Territory of Montana, which was formed the next year. One of the town's earliest directional markers at the mouth of Rattlesnake River read,

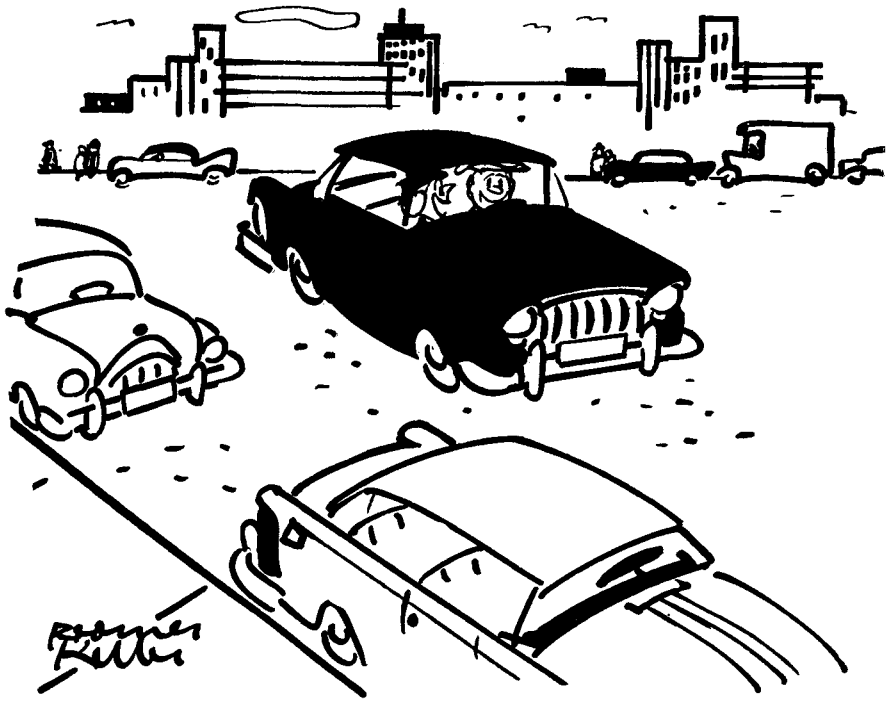
Tu grass Hop Per diggins
30 myle
Kepe the Trale nex the bluffe

On the other side of the sign was the helpful intelligence,

To jonni Grants
One hundred and twenti myle

Early in the spring of 1863 a party of prospectors fresh from a brush with the Indians decided to leave the beaten trails and head cross-country. They settled in a snug little gulch and before the horses were tied one Bill Fairweather picked a nugget out of an overhang of bedrock. The strike was on, and the party headed sixty miles west to Bannack to get supplies. Although they had vowed not to whisper a word of their luck while in Bannack, by the time they left town with their newly-bought equipment, purchased with raw gold, they were accompanied by a large party of newly-made companions that sadly depleted the male population of Bannack.

The strike became a stampede. The scene of the stampede was Alder Gulch, and the town that sprung up at the edge of it was Virginia City. Much of the Williamsburg of the West has been restored in the manner of



"Let me park it. I feel lucky today!"

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that momentous year of 1863. Main Street is lined with old storefronts of the epoch, and a carriage takes visitors trotting through the town and up on the hill above it where outlaws were buried by the law-abiding citizens. The lawkeepers of the day were the Vigilantes, who first met on December 23, 1863, in the basement of a drugstore, which is still doing business, and elected Paris S. Pfouts president. They devised, as their call letters, 3-7-77, which meant that if you were outside the law you would land in a hole three feet wide, seven feet long, and seventy-seven inches deep. The symbol has since been adapted by the Montana Highway Patrol.

Besides being the first meeting place of the Vigilantes, the drugstore also owned the first soda fountain in Montana which, along with a skeleton and lots of old drugs, is still on display there. There are boxes of P. Lorillard Co.'s Rose-Scented Maccoboy Snuff, bottles of brew for "Vesiculosis or Bladder Wrack, a remedy for Excessive Corpulence and Obesity." A sort of combination lyre and xylophone that blew in the breeze, and sounded random notes at the will of the wind, was probably the first sales jingle. Imprinted on the musical face of the device was the legend, "It says, 'Use Dr. Williams's Pink Pills for Pale People.'"

IN this remedial if occasionally, lighthearted atmosphere, the Vigilantes sentenced no fewer than twenty-three violators of the social code to an end that can only be described as 3-7-77. Among them were Red Yager and G. W. Brown, some village louts of Stinking Water Valley, not to mention the notorious Henry Plummer, who was supposed to be the sheriff but was really the chief of the road-agents in disguise.

Down the block is the Fairweather Hotel, named for Bill Fairweather who, as the sign attests, struck gold at Alder Gulch May 26, 1863, a circumstance that brought the population of the township to 10,000 by the end of the year. Fairweather carried rattlers under his shirt on the theory they wouldn't bite him, and although he tossed nuggets of gold into the street he died a pauper at thirty-nine and is buried on the hill looking down to the hotel that bears his name. Fairweather Inn (Tel. 3-7-77) is an establishment of considerable charm with fifteen rooms "all finished," so the present proprietor says, "in old style except for the mattresses." It has a ladies' parlor, high headboards, kerosene lamps (now lighted by bulbs), and an iron turtle that becomes a spittoon should a gentleman step on its head. Rooms run from $5 to $7 a

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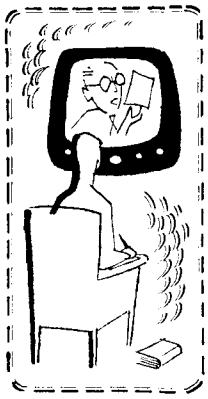
night for two. At the desk one can borrow a pan and go down to the gulch and try for gold.

Virginia City Trading Company, which operates the Fairweather Inn, also runs Daylight Village Cabins which look like tourist cabins on the outside, but the inside court is a whole street of false storefronts depicting Virginia City's 1863 heyday. There is Krall and Petchner's Confectionery and Bakery—"Ball Suppers and Wedding Cakes Got Up On Short Notice," there is a stream running between the cabins, and just at the end of the block is the brewery which, though no longer making H. S. Gilbert's beer, is still selling it. Opened in 1863, it brewed lager right up to Prohibition. A firm in Great Falls still makes Grandpa's Lager under the H. S. Gilbert label, and customers can still swill it in the brewery gardens, seated at the pine tables under the shade of big cottonwoods. Panning in the nearby stream is encouraged. Anybody who can't make the price of a beer panning in the stream can try Bummer Dan's Bar across Alder Gulch from the end of Wallace Street. It was named for Bummer Dan McFadden, a bum who cadged drinks and refused to work. When he complained that the creek had been picked clean, the miners told him to go dig in a grass-grown bank across from the mouth of Daylight Gulch. It was a cruel jest but Bummer Dan took it seriously, dug deep in the bar, and hit it rich.

Nobody can hit it rich in Virginia City anymore, probably not even if there was another gold strike, since the price of gold hasn't gone up since 1933 while everything else has skyrocketed. An eight-ounce nugget found in Alder Gulch is on display in a shop in Virginia City. It is worth $260 as a chunk of gold, but the owner has been offered $1,500 for it as a collector's item.

As a mid-Eighties museum Virginia City manages to eke out a slender existence that keeps it from dissolving into the dust of a ghost town. The Bale of Hay Saloon has a collection of nickelodeons and penny movie peepshows. The Virginia City Players have been giving "Sweeney Todd, The Demon Barber of Fleet St." in the Old Stone Playhouse all summer, meals are served in the Wells Fargo Coffee House, fool's gold, which are glittering iron pyrites, is sold in the souvenir shops, and the streets are patrolled by Marshal George Harold Gohn, a gun-toting, billy-carrying protector of the peace guaranteed to have been descended from one of the original Vigilantes. It ain't exactly Williamsburg, but it's a living.

—Horace Sutton.



EDUCATIONAL TV: TEACHER'S FRIEND

"As one leader has observed . . . 'the question is no longer TV or not TV.' Instead, the questions are when, where, how, and how much TV."

By JOHN K. WEISS, *assistant vice president and treasurer, Fund for the Advancement of Education.*

RECENTLY plans were submitted to the Federal Communications Commission for the establishment of a new six-channel microwave closed TV circuit capable of transmitting in black and white and in color, operating for a minimum of six hours per day, and permitting origination from each and any of thirty-two separate locations for each channel. The layman could be pardoned for assuming that the sheer size of such a venture was evidence of some kind of commercial purpose. Engineering estimates of a $200,000,000 capital outlay and a $7,000,000 annual operating budget would seem to confirm this conclusion. But the fact is that this circuit is simply the most ambitious educational television project that has yet been put forth in this country. Sponsoring the plan is the sixteen-state Southern Regional Education Board, which is charged with nothing less than coordinating the development and operation of all higher education in the southeastern United States.

Until a year or so ago the term "educational television" was little more than a verbal umbrella covering a multitude of blessings—and sins. There were almost as many definitions of ETV as there were self-styled experts. On the one hand, for example, it could mean a close-up screen portrayal of root canal oral surgery for a handful of dental students; on the other hand, it could be, just as correctly, a lecture by the nation's Chief Executive to some 45,000,000 "students" on the relationship of the President's health to the discharge of his duties.

That the term could embrace such a spread of meanings was merely the superficial sign of underlying confusions and contradictions. Did "educational TV" mean closed-circuit televised pedagogy sponsored by school systems, or educational programs offered on a sustaining or sponsored basis on local TV stations or networks? Did it mean canned film packages or live broadcasts from the classrooms of the nation's greatest teachers? Was it for students or adults? Was it offered for actual credit or for entertainment and personal improvement? Was it professionally or amateurishly done? And, of course, was it good television and good education, or was it just another extension of the worst aspects of the two fields it straddled—triviality on the one hand and dullness on the other?

Almost imperceptibly the confusion has begun to disappear. An expression which President David Henry of the University of Illinois tried unsuccessfully to popularize back in 1951 and 1952, "televised education," has at last come into vogue.

There are many recent encouraging signs in the field of ETV: Within the past few weeks the American Council on Education, which can proudly point to its historic concern with all facets of educational television, issued a call for its nationwide 1957 ETV conference. The subject: "Teaching by Television." Harry Newburn, president of the Educational Television and Radio Center in Ann Arbor, which packages a substantial part of the programs for the twenty-four educational channels now in operation recently decided to place increasing emphasis on programs for classroom use.

In Pittsburgh, ETV Station WQED, one of the oldest and strongest of the educational channels, has requested from the Federal Communications Commission a second channel, primarily to service the Pittsburgh area public schools which are eagerly picking up in hundreds of classrooms as much televised education as they can get.

As was recently reported in *SR* (Aug. 24) in Hagerstown, Md., a full school year's program of televisecd classes, involving daily TV lessons to more that 6,000 children in all twelve grades, has been completed with gratifying educational

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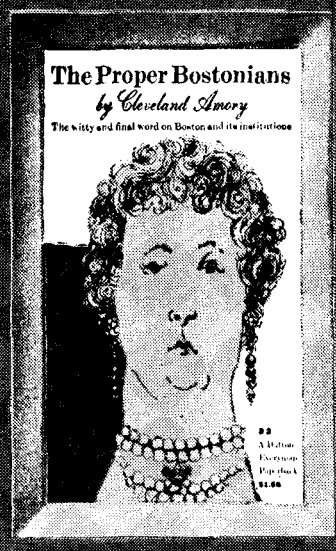
results and surprisingly little difficulty or objection.

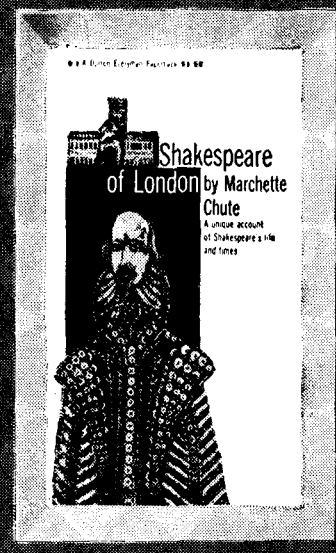
There begins this fall the ten-city, three-state National Program in Classroom Television, a $2,000,000 commitment by the American public schools and the Fund for the Advancement of Education.

It is too soon to assume that ETV has found the definition it has been seeking. Local commercial TV stations and major networks have been presenting high school diploma courses, college credit courses, and even grade-school class units for some years, and have alloted hundreds of thousands of dollars for cooperative educational activities (*SR* Feb. 16). But broadcast time is so expensive, and the mass transmission of educational material so hard to administer, that the natural development of educational TV has been toward the classroom rather than the studio. The examples given above of developments in Pittsburgh, Hagerstown, and the sixteen Southern states justify the conclusions that educational television is now making its way—and its mark—as education and not as television, and that it is held in a firm grip by educational authorities, not commercial broadcasters.

At the risk of oversimplifying what is an involved and still indeterminate interrelationship of cause and effect, one is forced to conclude that ETV's emerging role as a force independent of commercial broadcasting is caused by money—both its absence and its presence. For educational stations to compete with commercial channels for mass audiences has proved to be impractical because the educational stations must operate on austerity budgets which would both confound and frighten the commercial communicators. The hope that institutional underwriting of public service programs over educational channels will attract substantial business support for educational telecasting finds little encouragement in the results to date. So long as the "Trendex syndrome" remains epidemic on Madison Avenue, CBS and NBC have little to fear from this quarter. This has been the effect of the lack of money.

Conversely, while education budgets are inevitably lean, they have an assured continuity of purpose and of function which even an Edward R. Murrow cannot command with "See It Now." The precedent of tax support or tuition support, once established, soon becomes a policy unthreatened by sponsorial whim or network competition. Thus, as ETV becomes more clearly education, it commands and receives financial support from the traditional sources of the education dollar—that is, from tax





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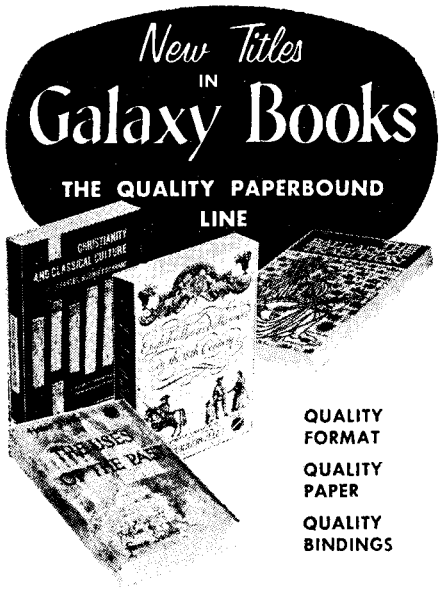

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revenues, from tuition and fees, and from philanthropy. In return it is expected to, and in fact it does, provide quality service.

Following the first year's singularly successful venture in Hagerstown, Wilson Cahall, director of the TV teaching experiment, declared without hesitation, "I have no doubt that in due time every single purpose of our public schools, both those for which we have sensitive instruments to measure our success and those for which we do not, can be more effectively achieved through the intelligent utilization of television as an additional resource."

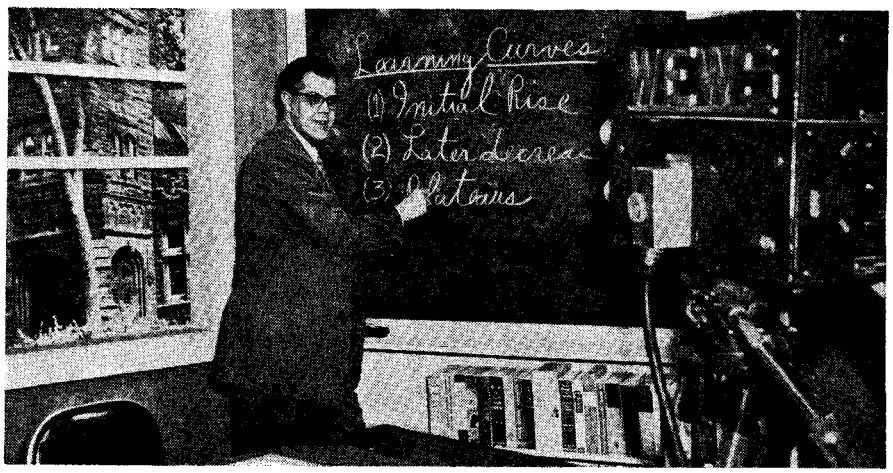
The research data now available, no longer fragmentary or inconclusive, confirm this judgment. The experimental pattern developed three years ago at Pennsylvania State University by Drs. C. R. Carpenter and Leslie Greenhill, in which experimental and control groups are matched and are offered equivalent or identical work by televised and by conventional instructional methods, has now been duplicated in a number of schools and colleges. Other key variables, such as class size, student preference, and subject matter, have been introduced and found relatively unimportant. Every experiment where student achievement in television classes has been measured against control groups taught by conventional methods has disclosed equivalent or better performance for the students in the TV classes.

The range of these research findings is now impressive and persuasive. It covers elementary school, junior and senior high school, junior college, lower division and upper division of a four-year college program; it covers the humanities, the social sciences, and the natural sciences. It covers course work whose major emphasis is on factual material and memory, as well as subjects whose chief objective is the stimulation of creative thinking or esthetic appreciation. The evidence of quality learning has become so overwhelming that it is now almost impossible to find a responsible educator who will publicly contend that TV is an unmitigated evil to be barred from our schools and colleges. A few years ago the other side of this debate was almost equally unpopular.

The qualitative possibilities comprehended by imaginative exploitation of television are by far the most dramatic argument in its favor as an educational tool. Yet it is the quantitative pressure which is in fact hastening the decision to initiate television instruction in many schools and colleges today.

All levels of education are today forced to improvise in the face of worsening shortages of three key resources: human, physical, and financial. The potential contribution of television, inventively used, in all three areas is still unmeasured. Yet Alexander J. Stoddard, former school superintendent of Philadelphia and Los Angeles, for ten years chairman of the National Education Association's Educational Policies Commission has estimated, for example, that nationwide use of classroom television can save our public schools $100,000 worth of teaching positions and $500,000,000 in salaries annually.

Moving from the realm of conjecture, it is a fact today that the full 162 TV high school physics lessons presented over Pittsburgh's WQED last year by Dr. Harvey White of the University of California are now being reshown in a dozen states to tens of thousands of students. When one adds to this item two additional facts—that many, perhaps most, of these students would not otherwise have taken physics at all for lack of a qualified teacher; and that Dr. White was selected for this assignment through a nationwide search for the country's



—*Wide World.*

Dr. R. W. Wallen of Western Reserve teaches psychology via TV.

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outstanding teacher of introductory physics—then the powerful combination of the qualitative and quantitative potentials of instructional television comes into sharper focus. As one teacher has observed, perhaps too much in the manner of the TV comic, "The question is no longer TV or not TV." Instead the questions are when, where, how, and how much.

The prospects for what lies immediately ahead suggest still more intensive TV instruction. Several groups are seriously considering production of a series of high school chemistry lectures similar to the Harvey White physics series. Plans are well along in the Boston area for a full-year eleventh-grade TV humanities course, replacing conventional eleventh-grade English.

Present plans call for a cooperative venture involving the full panoply of cultural resources in Eastern Massachusetts under the joint leadership of the Newton Public Schools and Station WGBH. Among those likely to share the instructional responsibility is one-time high school English teacher and, more recently, radio and TV humanist, Clifton Fadiman.

In the light of these developments, it appears almost certain that educational TV is now, and will continue to be, closed-circuit, educationally conceived and educationally sponsored classroom instruction, but classroom instruction multiplied in quality by the powers of the *best* teachers, multiplied in quantity by the resources of state education departments, municipal boards of education, the various educational endowment funds, and cooperating commercial broadcasters. This new development appears to contain the answer to the chronic problem of American education: growth by geometric progression.

INDEED, the summary statement which the Southern Regional Education Board has appended to its petition before the FCC will serve equally well here: "The problems of shortages of faculty and possible impairments to the quality of education have been documented in a number of national as well as regional studies. We have three alternatives: (1) we must make better use of the teaching resources we have; (2) we must deny higher education to a substantial proportion of those who will seek it; or (3) the quality of education provided will decline. No nation with world responsibilities . . . can afford either of the last two alternatives."

While the statement makes no mention of it, the ETV plans for sixteen states can readily be expanded across the nation.

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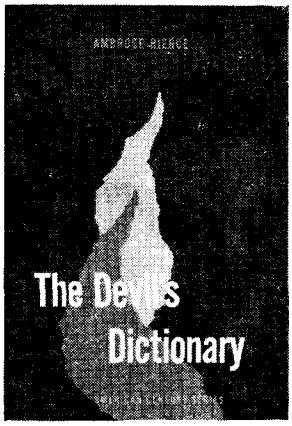

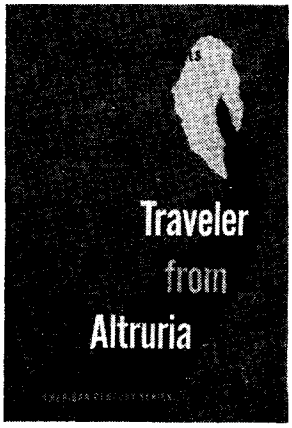

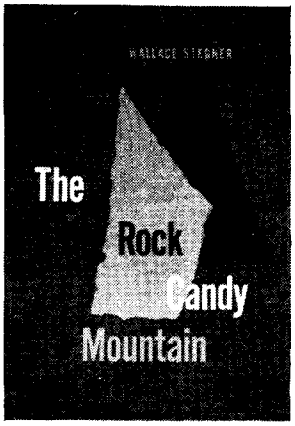

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Education Books

Continued from page 27

was a district deliberately designed to retain the racial character of a school nor was any effort made to force an artificially integrated student body. Wisely aware that some parents of both races would be uneasy, the school officials announced that wherever possible requests for transfer would be approved. The school people demonstrated throughout a commendable combination of good sense and good faith and the vast majority of the pupils and parents responded in the same way.

As the authors repeatedly point out, the Louisville program is by no means perfect. Problems of cultural difference, variations in pupil ability, prejudice, apprehension, and uncertainty still remain. But these are no novelty in public schools and are recognized by competent school people everywhere as inescapable aspects of universal education. Louisville is dealing with these problems realistically and constructively.

To assume that because school integration has succeeded in this city, it can now be attempted with equal promise in every other Southern community would be seriously to stretch the evidence. The factors present in the Louisville situation may not safely be taken for granted elsewhere. A school board with a firm sense of its duty to all children, a superintendent and teaching staff with the necessary competence and courage, police authorities determined both to enforce the law and to promote respect for it, and, above all, a widespread community spirit of tolerance and good will—all these were part of the Louisville story. In the absence of any one of them, the undertaking could easily have failed—if indeed it had been attempted at all.

If "The Louisville Story" has a moral—as I think it does—it is that sound human relations in a community come only as the requisite long-term conditions are carefully and deliberately nurtured. But communities with the foresight and wisdom to try to create these conditions have the best of reasons for getting on with the task. Messrs. Carmichael and James put it well in their concluding paragraph when they say that for what Louisville has done "the conscience of our community rests better."

What Goals for the Schools?

"A Fourth of a Nation," by Paul Woodring *(McGraw-Hill. 255 pp. $4.50), is a critique of some of the most outstanding educational issues that confront the nation today. I. L. Kandel, professor emeritus of education, Teachers College, Columbia University, is our reviewer.*

By I. L. Kandel

CONVINCED that the schools no longer reflect the views and wishes of the American public and that control has been seized by the professionals, Professor Paul Woodring has undertaken, in a new book called "A Fourth of a Nation," "the difficult task of formulating a philosophy of education which is acceptable to the American people and appropriate for schools that are required to accept and retain children of all levels of ability and a wide variety of social backrounds." Such a philosophy, he maintains, "must concede that in a democracy the people have a right to the kind of school they want, but it must not appease the crowd. The philosophy must be stated so logically that the logic will be recognized and will alter the wishes of the people." The crisis is upon us since the country has undertaken to educate in its various institutions at all levels from the nursery school to the university "a fourth of the nation" or forty million students of all ages.

The heart of the problem is to define the aims and purposes of education which have been under criticism for several decades. The author believes that out of "criticism of the excesses and confusions of progressive education will come new improvements." Accordingly he devotes a chapter to the issues discussed in "The Great Debate," and then proceeds to a presentation of two predominant points of view, "The Development of the Mind" and "The Growth of the Whole Child." These points of view are further contrasted as "The Classic Thesis" and "The Pragmatic Antithesis." Under the former are presented the arguments in favor of the classical tradition and the criticisms of the new education from the standpoint of that tradition leading up to its implication for the preparation of

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teachers with more emphasis in teaching as an art than as a science. Under the latter, progressive education is the object of criticism, but the contributions to education as a science are not overlooked.

After discussing the thesis and antithesis, the author looks "Toward a New Synthesis" in a chapter which seems to include a number of topics irrelevant to its main purposes The important sections of this chapter deal with "the proper aim of education," "the education of the upper third," and "the solid core of agreement." The essence of the synthesis is presented as follows: "A statement of the aim of education need not be a long list or even a short list; it can be made in a single sentence: *In a society of free men. the proper aim of education is to prepare the individual to make wise decisions.* All else is but contributory." (Italics in the original.) The synthesis, then, consists of a program of education based on the classic or academic tradition combined with the aim of the pragmatic thesis. Whether the proponents of the academic tradition—professors in liberal arts colleges, Hutchins, Stringfellow Barr, and Gilbert Highet, who are cited by the author—would accept such a synthesis is eminently doubtful and it is a certainty that the exponents of the pragmatic philosophy would reject it outright. Professor Woodring proposes such a synthesis as suitable for all students but safeguards himself by insisting that individual differences must not be ignored and suggests that his program is especially good for the "upper third" in ability. The most controversial section of this chapter is the proposal of "a drastic reorganization" which would provide a longer period for the kind of program that he recommends. The reorganization is, indeed, drastic and somewhat unrealistic at a time when enrolments are rapidly increasing.

In the end, however, Professor Woodring recognizes that a sound education depends upon the quality of the teachers, their own education and professional preparation. Unfortunately, since he wishes to enlist the interest of the public, he places the responsibility upon liberal arts colleges and their faculties for discouraging young men and women from entering the teaching profession. This is again an unrealistic point of view and diverts attention from the major causes of the teacher shortage. The 300,000 or more teachers who left the profession during and since World War II were not influenced by the academicians' "scorn of education" but by more remunerative occupations outside the profession, by lack of professional freedom, by administra-

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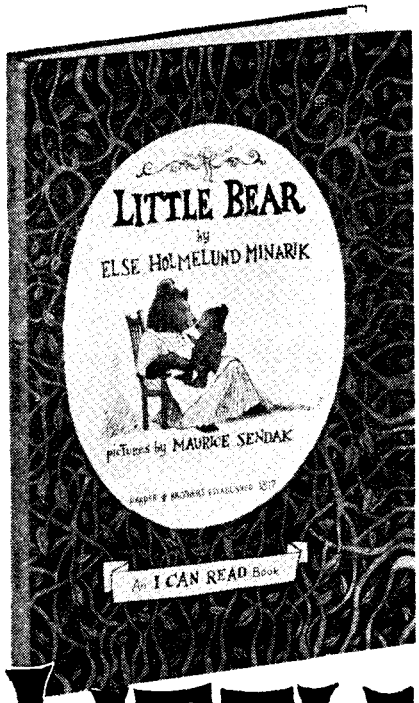

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tive practices which denied them participation in policy-making, and by a new definition of their functions. The teacher has been described in a recent publication as "a combination psychiatrist, social scientist, scientist, and an individual of considerable culture, who was also a man or woman of action" as well as hygienist, guidance and welfare officer, and able to participate in extra-curricular activities. Perhaps Professor Woodring did not have such functions in mind, but if teaching is both a science and an art, four years of a liberal arts course followed by a year of internship, as sponsored (with grants) by the Fund for the Advancement of Education and endorsed by the author, are hardly enough, even if some professional subjects are included in the liberal arts course. The fact is that the academicians' criticisms of educational courses and of certification requirements cannot be sloughed off so easily; many of the courses are water-logged and repetitive. There can be no solution of what in my opinion is the most difficult problem of professional preparation until that truce recommended about fifteen years ago by Dr. James B. Conant as essential between academicians and educators is consummated.

Whether one agrees or disagrees with Professor Woodring's synthesis and suggestions, for the education of teachers and educational reform in general, he succeeds in introducing the reader to some of the current problems in American education.

Teachers United

"NEA: The First Hundred Years," by Edgar B. Wesley *(Harper. 419 pp. $5), is the official history of the largest professional organization in the world. Paul Woodring, who reviews it here, is the author of "Let's Talk Sense About Our Schools" and "A Fourth of a Nation," reviewed above.*

By Paul Woodring

THE National Education Association is described by Edgar Wesley in "NEA: The First Hundred Years" as "an enormous structure, a complicated mechanism, an involved function." It is all of that. With 659,190 members—more than half the teachers in the United States—it is the largest professional organization in the world. Through the schools now attended by nearly forty million children it exerts an enormous influence throughout the nation.

For its centennial year of 1957 the NEA selected Mr. Wesley to prepare this history of the first hundred years. It was a happy choice, for Mr. Wesley has produced an informative and extremely interesting book from material that might have seemed dull in the hands of a less able writer.

The author is at his best in describing the early years of the NEA. He correctly sees that the influence of the organization has been so great that its story must be the story of American education. He sees, too. that a history of the people's schools is an important chapter in the history of the people themselves.

AFTER describing the American scene in 1857 in which the NEA was born, Mr. Wesley discusses the rise of public high schools, the development of normal schools into teachers colleges and then into comprehensive state colleges, the advance of public higher education, and the expanding curriculum. He describes the educational reforms in which the NEA played a part: the kindergarten, the emphasis on understanding the child, coeducation, and the progressive movement which he reluctantly concedes has come to the end of its days as a reform movement although some of its reforms have become a lasting part of American education. He attributes the decline and fall of progressive education to attacks from "publicity-seeking writers, academics who had strayed beyond their competence, enemies of public education, and organizations nourished by discontent." He admits that "a few conscientious professional educators" joined in the attack but he does not explain why they found it necessary to do so. He gives too little attention to the possibility that progressivism was the victim of its own excesses and of inherent defects in its own philosophy.

Although he does not include progressive education among them, Mr. Wesley does include an interesting section on the lost causes for which the NEA once fought: the move for a national university, the simplified spelling movement, the temperance movement (for which NEA once struggled valiantly), and the effort to establish a secretaryship of education with cabinet rank.

During its first half century the NEA "was not greatly concerned with the personal welfare of either administrators or teachers" but in recent decades it has fought vigorously for higher salaries, better working conditions, and tenure laws. The recent growth is attributed to this change in policy.

Whatever the cause, the growth has

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been phenomenal. There were only 10,000 members in 1918; in 1931 there were 220,000. There were 331,000 at the close of World War II and this number has doubled in the last ten years. Since all members pay dues, the financial structure has been greatly strengthened. The NEA now has a paid staff of 660, most of whom are housed in a fine new building in Washington, D. C.

In discussing the present structure and recent policies of the NEA, Mr. Wesley becomes more cautious and hence less interesting than he was in describing the early history. Perhaps this reflects the inherent weakness of all "official histories." A historian selected and sponsored by the organization whose story is to be recorded can never write a complete history. Even though his book is not censored, he is inhibited by friendships and loyalties. He is not really free to appraise critically and to assess responsibility for errors and failures such as may be found in the history of any organization.

Too little attention is given in this book to the men who control the NEA and make its policy. The official structure is described and we are told that the legislative assembly is the policy-making body. But can anyone believe that a large and unwieldy body of 5,000, meeting for only a few days each year, can really make policy? Who prepares the resolutions and policy statements which the delegates accept and who selects the officers who are presented for approval? Mr. Wesley does not tell us, although surely he must know. An examination of the internal power structure of the NEA would make a fascinating study.

In recent years the NEA has truly become what Superintendent Tousley of Minneapolis called it in 1875, "a gigantic educational ganglion—a sort of cerebro-spinal centre" with nerves extending into every branch of education.

An organization so powerful deserves continuing critical examination in order that its policies may be kept consistent with the will of the American people. Mr. Wesley has done well what he set out to do, but it remains for another writer to make a more comprehensive study of the policies of the NEA and of the philosophies of the men and women who guide its course today.

Problems of the Pedagogue

"The Teacher's Role in American Society," edited by Lindley J. Stiles *(Harper. 298 pp. $4), the latest Yearbook of the John Dewey Society, brings sociology and psychology into play in considering a perennial problem. Professor Richard Fink of the New Jersey State Teachers College at Newark is our reviewer.*

By Richard Fink

THE John Dewey Society, along with the various departments of the National Education Association and the National Society for the Study of Education, is one of the groups whose yearbooks form the major portion of the intellectual backbone of American education. The fourteenth Yearbook of the Society, "The Teacher's Role in American Society," deals with the same topic as the first Yearbook, "The Teacher and Society," which was published in 1937. Like the first, the present Yearbook displays urgency, seriousness, and scholarship. It is different, however, in one important respect: it is more clinical and less hortatory. The influence on the current volume stems more from educational sociology and the social psychology of education than from philosophy of education. This suggests that its contributors have begun to believe that it makes more sense to research our way into better schools than to argue our way into them.

There is much for all students of education in this volume. Comparative sections highlight the difference between 1900 and today, with a particularly fine section by H. H. Giles on the changes in the way we have begun to teach children how to look at and how to feel about minorities. Sections on the social origins of teachers, some reflecting thoughtful introspection on their part, point up the kinds of human problems that make and break them. Some sections deal with the problems teachers face as they try to become better informed and more professional about ideas in general and educational responsibilities in particular. Other sections detail the successes and failures of teachers as they come to grips with job hunting, community participation, and politics. Young people who are getting ready to become teachers will find a great deal of information here that will help them in many ways. Any professor

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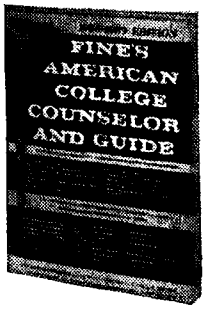

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who really knows his way around in teacher education could pump endless excitement into his classes with this volume.

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Consider the matter of conflicting philosophies of education. There is still an amazing amount of either-or-ness in the running debate on the philosophic level and stubborn men on all sides argue with singleness of purpose for restricted policies. In the chapter "Teacher as Conservator of the Past Versus Leader for Change," Grobman and Hines identify half a dozen major theories of curricular function, such as interest to the learner, utility, intellectual discipline, survival value, significance to an organized field of knowledge, and social reconstruction. In terms of the desire to make tomorrow just a bit better than today (social reconstruction), the authors plead for the understanding that the complex human animal in the complex mass, industrial, urban, democratically-inclined culture of modern America needs an educational policy sensitive and responsive to all the avenues of human expression. Shades of the Greeks! Here is the problem of the one and the many, of unity in diversity, of making the most of all that we have in an organized fashion. This is no plea for eclecticism, but for an ordered understanding of man's multiple purposes. Here is meat for a grand debate.

Or consider the matter of teacher recruitment. In dozens of places throughout the Yearbook there is comment on women's role in education. The facts boil down to these: most women prefer marriage to teaching, most female graduates of colleges of education leave teaching, and most women who do teach have families. One seems driven to the conclusion that women in teaching are more a bother than a blessing and that it is because of their mobility and split allegiances that the public school is conservative, intellectually barren, and persistently short-handed. This kind of talk could make any roof a dozen feet higher.

Or, finally, consider the matter of anti-intellectualism. Above all other people in a society, teachers ought to be people able to live the life of ideas. That appears to be a most reasonable ideal. Yet the middle-class status of teachers, a fact attested to throughout the Yearbook, means that they are the carriers of middle-class values and one of these values is an abiding suspicion of people who read too many books and handle too many

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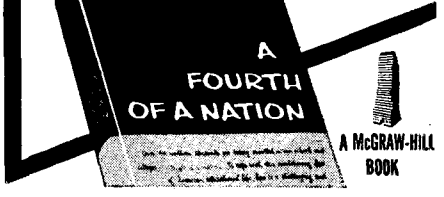

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ideas. There is a puzzle here that could confuse a Solomon.

"The Teacher's Role in American Society" deserves to be widely read. It would be a shame simply to give it a call number and let it sit on a library shelf waiting to be called to judgment.

Schoolman's Bookshelf

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A GUIDE TO COLLEGE TEACHING. *By Claude E. Buxton. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.95. An exceptionally sensible text on course planning, student examining, counseling, lecturing, and the overall objectives of college work. The author is a professor of psychology at Yale University.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEA OF EDUCATION. *Edited by Edmund Fuller. Yale University Press.* $4. Transcripts of discussions held at the Kent School seminar by such notables as Alan Paton, Reinhold Niebuhr, and Jacques Maritain on the relation of religion and education in community and school life. To be reviewed in a forthcoming issue.

EDUCATION IN THE U.S.A. *By W. Kenneth Richmond. Philosophical Library.* $4.50. A detailed and intelligent survey of contemporary American schools —from elementary to graduate levels —and a comparison with their British counterpart. A fresh interpretation by an English university teacher.

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or not. On graduation, they are likely to have five or six good job offers (even if they're not engineers), or they may even have agreed to work for a certain firm before starting their senior year (a new business twist for tying up the best prospects in advance of the competition). A good many of the men expect to be a vice president within ten years at the most. One can only regret that so many of them will be disappointed.

Jacob also found that a great number of today's students are "politically irresponsible and often politically illiterate as well. . . . Students predict another major war within a dozen years, yet international problems are the least of [their] concerns." After visiting a number of campuses which cannot support either Young Democratic or Young Republican Clubs because of lack of interest, this writer must agree. Needless to say, there are virtually no United Nations or UNESCO clubs.

What, then, does interest today's college generation? He is not much of a "cause" man, although he is likely to be tolerant of those racially or economically different from him. Studies are not of principal concern; Jacob found that to get through college many students employ "systematic cheating" (although they admire moral virtues like loyalty and honesty).

What interests the collegian most is himself. When the war and later the shadow of the draft hung heavy over the nation's teenagers, their dating habits began to change. A girl knew she had to snare a boy before he entered the services—or she probably wouldn't get him at all. Going steady, followed by earlier marriage, became the custom. Now, with the draft drastically slowed down and college deferrals the rule, young college boys and girls continue the pattern. They want to get married, so why wait? Permissive parents are inclined to agree. As a result, 16 per cent of today's collegians are married—many with working wives. At some campuses, the married percentage is as high as twenty-seven out of every 100. Some twenty-five years ago, students were expelled for marrying while at college. Now the larger universities are scrambling to put up married-student developments, complete with playground and nursery school. Once again, the students' personal preference outweighs their supposed quest for knowledge. Often parents have to help not only the

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student financially, but his whole family as well.

There is some consolation in the growing numbers of married students, however. Married boys—and sometimes girls—take their work more seriously. John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State University (which last year had 3,300 married students), is all for them: "We believe that the married student is not a liability, as was once believed, but an asset which lends quality, stability, and admirable strength of purpose to the student body as a whole."

Perhaps the only college boys and girls who escape the egocentric pattern are those who go to the smaller or denominational institutions. (Professor Jacob also cites these colleges as notable exceptions to his general conclusions.) But it is these smaller colleges of liberal arts which will have the hardest time surviving in the next twenty years. They have neither the funds nor the buildings to expand very much; besides, many of them do not want to. They do not want and will not get monies from state or Federal funds. The state universities, which are prepared to double or triple their enrolments, are expected in the future to absorb as much as 75 per cent of all those in college. This leaves a bare quarter who can be expected to achieve notable standards in respect for learning and political and moral values.

This does not mean that only morons will go to Harvard or the University of California. But it does mean that citizens and parents might well take a good deal more notice of what's going on in the nation's colleges, and of what's going on inside their children—or isn't. As a rule, children reflect the beliefs and attitudes of their parents. Hence today's egocentrics cannot be made to take all the blame. But mental apathy and easy-does-it values should hardly be the hallmarks of so-called educated men and women. Just thinking about it, as the Midwestern coed said, is enough to make the head hurt.

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Continued from page 17

teacher. The most direct influence on a child's learning, the study found, was still the number of hours he spent in school—a serious indictment of the now so frequent double sessions in schoolrooms.

• In Fairfield, Conn., the Andrew Warde High School was opened. It offers a revolutionary plan: four "houses" which permit students of this large school to be part of a relatively small institution within a larger one.

• The Great Books Foundation launched an important new project: discussion groups on Great Issues in Education—from Aristotle to Adler (Mortimer).

Speaking of books, Paul Woodring, the man who did so much to put a stop to the unproductive name-calling a few years ago when he wrote "Let's Talk Sense About Our Schools," has just published his second book, called "A Fourth of a Nation." The "one-fourth," of course is the vast, unprecedented mass of Americans who are presently in school. A glance at the book leads to the prediction that it will be one of the most important modern additions to America's philosophy of education. (For a review of the book by I. L. Kandel, see page 38.)

IT is hard to summarize a year's events. It is even harder to pass up the opportunity of saying "I told you so." In fact, I find it impossible at this point. So last year in this report, I concluded: "This fall the country may witness, for the first time, a discussion of education as an important part of the election battle between the two major parties."

What happened? Democrat Adlai Stevenson made several major speeches on the issue. He proposed a plan of Federal aid, scholarships and expansion of the institutions of higher education. President Eisenhower called the plan "confused." Stevenson replied that Eisenhower had failed to provide leadership in the battle for better education, that his approach "consists of words and conferences . . . little action and no results." As I have indicated, the findings of President Eisenhower's Committee on Education Beyond High School resemble closely the Stevenson demand. And so, perhaps in education as in the realm of bomb tests, the post-campaign calm shows what the country needs and wants.

Congress may yet catch up.

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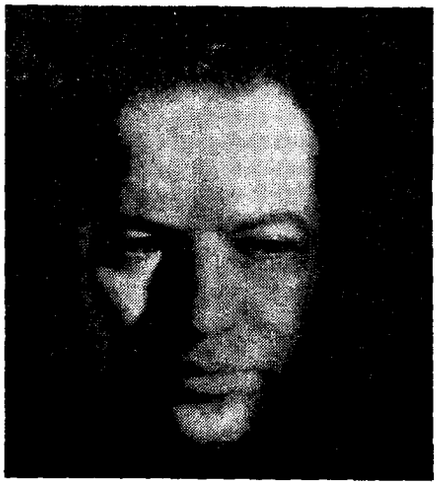
—*Editta Sherman.*

—*Bob Smallman.*



—*Terry*

Herman Wouk, Budd Schulberg, Henry Roth—"a status refused a generation ago."

From "Hungry Hearts" to "Marjorie Morningstar"

The Progress of an American Minority Told in Fiction

By HAROLD U. RIBALOW

WITHIN the past year, Herman Wouk's "Marjorie Morningstar," Meyer Levin's "Compulsion," and Gerald Green's "The Last Angry Man" were all high on the national best-seller lists. This was the first time in American history that works of fiction by and about American Jews were read and accepted by so many non-Jewish Americans, and gave final proof, if evidence were still needed, that the Jew in the United States had attained status of a kind refused him a generation or two ago. When Herman Wouk, for example, made the cover of *Time* magazine upon the publication of "Marjorie Morningstar," Mr. Wouk became one of the most popular and sought-after personalities not only among Jewish groups but in American literary circles.

It is natural enough that Jews, in the light of their long history of persecution and rejection, should be extraordinarily sensitive as to how the Jew is drawn in contemporary fiction. Are its characters "good" Jews or "bad" Jews is the question they immediately ask upon the appearance of a new Jewish novel. Only recently, Meyer Levin charged that Harold Robbins's widely read "A Stone for Danny Fisher" could have been used, without a word unchanged, for propaganda purposes by the Nazis. On the other hand, Levin himself was accused of being unnecessarily harsh to his own people when he portrayed in his novel of the 1930s, "The Old Bunch," Jews who refused to follow the traditions and rituals of their people. Mr. Levin's newest work, "Compulsion," recreates the Leopold-Loeb murder case and in it Mr. Levin writes in detail about rich Jews, their idle sons, and Jewish self-hatred. Some reviewers in the Yiddish press were unhappy that the author had revived memory of an event which the Jewish community would rather forget.

Yet despite this super-sensitivity, Jewish writers have written many novels about Jewish themes and people. In the early 1900s, not long after the start of the great immigrations, they began trying to depict—usually in Yiddish—life in *de goldene medina,* the golden land, where money was to be found on the streets and democracy truly lived. But these first books were over-sentimental, over-emotional, and over-written. Anzia Yezierska, the best-selling Jewish writer of the day, in volumes like "Hungry Hearts" and "Salome of the Tenements," introduced bumbling, poverty-stricken Jews, the kind of persons the non-Jews accepted as typical, and told of their triumphs over adversity. Mrs. Yezierska, in her recent autobiography "Red Ribbon on a White Horse," properly relegates the novels to history and sociology. Abraham Cahan, editor of the Yiddish daily *The Forward*, writing in English in "The Rise of David Levinsky," offered a realistic account of a Jewish businessman and showed how, in spite of his dazzling financial successes, he remained empty inside. "The Rise of David Levinsky" marks the birth of the serious Jewish novel in America; it stands up well today, forty years after its publication.

During the Twenties and Thirties, Jewish fiction took a new turn, characterized by Jewish rejection and self-hatred. The few exceptions included the works of Ludwig Lewisohn and Meyer Levin. This was a time when young American Jews felt superior to their immigrant parents, when Socialism was popular among them, and there was much talk about the proletariat. The "proletarian novelists" of the period wrote few works that lasted—nor did the Jewish proletarians. Anyone who opens their books today will find them long, dull, and dated.

Among the exceptions were Henry Roth's "Call It Sleep" and Sidney Meller's "Roots in the Sky." But while both books were written in the 1930s, they are not proletarian novels in the strict sense. Mr. Roth's novel—the only one he ever wrote—is an evoca-

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tive re-creation of the jungle streets of New York City, a lyric narrative about a sensitive Jewish boy who is nearly crushed by the harshness and injustices of the world of the metropolis. It has pages of Joycean prose, stream-of-conscious writing, and brilliant insights. The book has lately become the center of a small cult. Such critics as Leslie Fiedler, James T. Farrell, and Murray Kempton are among those who have called it one of the few enduring fictional works of the 1930s.

Mr. Meller's novel concerns a West Coast Orthodox rabbi and his family. It, too, bears rereading, which is more than one can say about most novels, and it is the only novel I know which tells so much about the itinerant rabbi and his struggle to survive as a pious Jew in America.

Apart from Mr. Roth and Mr. Meller, the Jewish writers of the 1930s wrote bitterly about Jews. They scoffed at religion or ignored it. Anxious to break away from the ways of their own people, they were ignorant of Jewish communal life. They even exploited the Jew as a symbol of American intolerance and declared that social justice was their aim, not justice for the Jews as such.

IT WAS, ironically enough, Hitler who brought about a radical change. Suddenly, these marginal Jews discovered that they were indeed Jewish, no matter how deviously they had previously argued against their Jewishness. When the war ended and the war novels started to come, the Jew appeared as a character in nearly all of them—even in those written by non-Jews—as the gauge of American democracy. In John Horne Burns's "The Gallery" there was a brilliant Jew; in Norman Mailer's "The Naked and the Dead" there were all sorts of Jews, from the religious to the indifferent; in Irwin Shaw's "The Young Lions" there was Noah Ackerman, a Jew who had casually admitted his Judaism but found himself forced to fight hard as a Jew to maintain his respectability as a man; and in James Jones's "From Here to Eternity" there are a handful of Jews, most of them decent, one of them a curiosity.

When John Hersey's "The Wall" was published and became a best-seller, and then Anne Frank's "Diary" created an international sensation, the American reading public found itself "softened," and began to accept the Jew as an American and to sympathize with the Jew over the terrible decade through which he had had to live. Jewish themes were no longer objectionable to many publishers, who originally had felt that only Jews were willing to read about their problems. Laura Z. Hobson's clever "Gentleman's Agreement" also played a major role in this acceptance.

Today, then, the "Jewish novel" is totally different from that of the past. The Jewish novelist now writes sympathetically, and out of genuine Jewish knowledge, when he devotes a novel to his own people. He also is aware that his audience is the entire American reading population. As a result, most works of fiction on Jewish subjects describe Jews and Jewish life far more accurately than they did in the past. The Jerome Weidman type of book of the Thirties ("I Can Get It for You Wholesale" and "What's in It for Me?"), about the wise-guy, unscrupulous Jew, scarcely appears any longer. Budd Schulberg's "What Makes Sammy Run," a brilliant novel about a Hollywood heel, is the favorite example of those Jews who say novels by Jewish writers are most damaging to their people. Yet when "Sammy" was reissued in a Modern Library edition, Mr. Schulberg eloquently defended himself against the charge that his book is anti-Semitic. The necessity for this act is in itself significant. To at least one reader, he was persuasive.

THE contemporary Jewish novel does not stress life in Europe or in the East Side ghetto, although Charles Angoff's exceptional series of Jewish books ("Journey to the Dawn," "In the Morning Light," and "The Sun at Noon"), Sam Astrachan's "An End to Dying," and Peter Martin's "The Landsmen" are excellent works on Jewish life overseas. The present-day Jewish novelist writes about Hollywood, about business and industry, and the various professions. Ernst Pawel's "From the Dark Tower," for example, is a powerful book about the only Jewish executive in a large insurance company. While it contains some material on anti-Semitism, it is basically a sober document on the American organization man, and takes many side glances at suburban living, communal and synagogal pressures, and the sense of Jewish morality in conflict with the goddess of success. Gerald Green's "The Last Angry Man" fits the pattern in a way, for its hero is a Jewish doctor, a kind of hero that recalls Sinclair Lewis's "Arrowsmith," where another Jewish doctor nearly steals the book. But Mr. Green also injects the television world. Indeed, anyone who reads a handful of Jewish novels will discover not only the American Jew, his problems, his approaches to life, and his psychology, but also the fact that the Jew is involved in practically every aspect of American living.

It is precisely because the American Jew has found acceptance in so many fields which were once closed to him that the Jewish writer is now comfortable in his Jewishness. An excellent case in point is Michael Blankfort. In the 1930s Blankfort wrote left-wing books and articles. He left Marxism and, among other things,

—*Erich Hartmann.*

Ludwig Lewisohn, Meyer Levin, Gerald Green—"aware his audience is the entire American public."

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took a trip to Israel. One result was "The Juggler," a novel about the new Jewish State. His latest work, "The Strong Hand," is about a young Orthodox American rabbi and his love for a woman he cannot marry. Mr. Blankfort has returned to his people—and, one may add, his most recent novels are his best.

There are those who never went away, including Meyer Levin and Charles Angoff, and younger novelists like Bernard Malamud, whose "The Assistant" tells unforgettably the story of a Jewish grocer and his struggle to make a decent life for himself in America. James Yaffe, who has taken over for himself the milieu of the rich Jew, in "What's the Big Hurry?" has also dived into Jewish waters, to Jewish readers' profit.

A generation ago, Ludwig Lewisohn, who assumed the prophetic stance when he returned to Judaism, declaimed that ours is an age of Jewish indifference and emptiness. Yet one of the last things he wrote was an ecstatic review of "Marjorie Morningstar," seeing in Herman Wouk a symbol of the new, aware, and mature Jewish novelist. Perhaps he was over-enthusiastic, but he was certainly right in perceiving the arrival of a new era in American Jewish fiction. But what is important here is that a richer, more confident Jewish writer will do much to enhance the American literary scene even as he explains and describes the lives of a significant minority in America.

Mask of Hypocrisy

"Remember Me to God," by Myron S. Kaufmann *(Lippincott. 640 pp. $4.95), is the story of a Harvard undergraduate and his attempts to break with his family heritage.*

By Nathan Rothman

IT MAY seem at first to some readers of Myron S. Kaufmann's "Remember Me to God," as it did to me, that its primary purpose is a serious examination of the problem which obsesses its central figure. Richard Amsterdam is a Jewish student at Harvard, and very early in his first year he is aware of a determination growing and hardening within him. He is going to transcend the limitations of being a Jew, and he is going to avail himself, on equal terms, of all the advantages of the tough, durable, secure Yankee Protestant culture in which he finds himself suspended. How is this to be done? First: by shedding all the obvious Jewish provincialisms of manner and appearance; second: by disassociating himself from other Jews not as well assimilated; third: by working hard to earn respect in the Yankee world (the word is his own, "Yankee" being equated with everything he wants); and, finally and with inexorable logic: to convert from the Jewish to the Protestant religion, thus plunging at last wholly into the world he wishes to be his. As we follow Richard through his four Harvard years, and study his relationship with his family, his friends, his girls, this problem of belonging, of flight and conversion, dwarfs everything else, and we are led almost to believe that this is what the book is about. Can a Jew resign, and join the other club?

If this were so it would be appropriate to damn the concept as sophomoric, to raise other alternatives, larger moral problems. But actually it becomes clear quite soon that Mr. Kaufmann has used the religious problem as a kind of x-ray—to reveal the rotten skeletal core of Richard Amsterdam. This is not a story about a Jewish problem. It is a character study of a wretched hypocrite, without love, without integrity, without spiritual quality of any kind, and even without the will or the talent or the attractiveness to lend strength to his vulgar climbing. Richard makes the *Lampoon*, but he struggles meanly to dislodge the fingers of another Jew who is about to make it too. Another, he says, will render his own position precarious. He makes the Hasty Pudding Society, and then decides he had better not take Jeanie, his girl friend, to the Pudding dance. It would be *broader*, he says, more genuinely cosmopolitan, to come with a gentile girl. When he has decided to seek conversion, and his father—a serious, self-respecting man—comes in great concern to plead with him at school, Richard says, "Scram, will you? I'm not coming home."

By now, of course, the matter of belonging or converting is of no consequence at all. What difference can that make? If Richard Amsterdam is no good as a human being, how can it matter whether he is Jew or gentile? All of his petty reasonings and connivings can only add up, detail on detail, to an abhorrent self-portrait—done by Mr. Kaufmann in astringent realism. These are qualities he applies as well to the peripheral parts of the canvas: Richard's family mores at Harvard, the feel of Boston streets. It is a book subtly conceived, and quite successful in an oblique, relentless way.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MMMMMM!

Here are twenty title which include words beginning with M (here indicated by blanks). Ada Thompson Hoy of Seattle, Washington, asks you to fill in the missing words and to assign the correct titles to the correct authors. Answers on page 56.

1. "The Last Angry ———"
2. "——— and ———"
3. "Of ——— and ———"
4. "——— to ——— ——— ———"
5. "——— in the ———"
6. "The ——— of Jalna"
7. "Le ——— ——— Lui"
8. "His ——— Wife"
9. "Peace of ———"
10. "——— for ———"
11. "The ——— of the Blue Train"
12. "——— on the Left Bank"
13. "The Distant ———"
14. "Heartbroken ———"
15. "The ——— and Sixpence"
16. "The ———"
17. "Life on the ———"
18. "——— Street"
19. "——— Ado About ———"
20. "——— for the ———"

( ) Fred Allen
( ) Faith Baldwin
( ) Agatha Christie
( ) John Collier
( ) Wilkie Collins
( ) H. L. Davis
( ) Mazo De La Roche
( ) Janet Flanner
( ) Gerald Green
( ) Lancelot Hogben
( ) Harnett Kane
( ) Sinclair Lewis
( ) Joshua Loth Liebman
( ) Somerset Maugham
( ) J. B. P. Molière
( ) Kathleen Norris
( ) Elliott Paul
( ) John Steinbeck
( ) Irving Stone
( ) Mark Twain

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Passion for Commerce

"The Mendelman Fire," by Wolf Mankowitz *(Little, Brown. 191 pp. $3.75), is a collection of short stories about Jews in London's East End and Czarist Russia.*

By David Karp

THE title story of "The Mendelman Fire," a collection of stories by Wolf Mankowitz, the English writer, Wedgwood dealer, playwright, producer, etc., concerns the passion for commerce as personified by Morris Mendelman. In fact, the taste for business, the admiring appreciation for the stroke of merchandising, runs like a faintly connective thread throughout the bulk of the collection. "Nature's Way" details the accidental discovery of a new safe laxative—cheap to make and returning a nice profit per bottle. "Five Per Cent of Paradise" is an impious tale of stock-market juggling on the price of lots in Heaven and Hell, with a nice profit realized all around by both the owners of Heaven and Hell.

Mr. Mankowitz, the dealer in Wedgwood, was bound to draw upon his experiences as a dealer. This he has done in a charming fantasy about the day in 1960 when England is stripped clean of her antiques and "The Antique Dealers' Aid Society" is organized to take care of demented wretches suffering from "loss of vocation." But into this desperate moment steps the brilliant innovator, the creator of a new antique source, Morris Blottik. For further details, read "The Blottik Monopoly."

It is hard to discuss Mr. Mankowitz's collection without giving away too much, for many of the short stories are not short stories at all—but merely clever, or witty, or brilliant little ideas. It would be fair to say that most of the stories deal with Jews—but not Jews as victims, not Jews as brooding, unhappy legends—but Jews as perky, indestructible, vital, lively, and touching characters. Arthur Kober's Jews contained a share of dullards, or *schlimiehls.* Mr. Mankowitz deals with no *schlimiehls.* Even Simcha the Golem of the story "A Fool Is Essential" had the virtue of "shoulders [of] an ox," hands that "could straighten a horse-shoe." Ah, the daydreams of youth when that rarest of all human creatures, the Jewish fool, was a legend of strength!

Mr. Mankowitz looks upon the Jewish world of London's East End, of Czarist Russia with a kind, sentimental and myopic eye. Perhaps it is or was all that he says it is or was. Perhaps so. One wishes, sometimes, that he could fall into Mr. Mankowitz's bland good humor and expansive sentiment and while one reads "The Mendelman Fire and Other Stories" it is easy to do so. It is easy to believe that a Jewish pipe-maker in Czarist Russia could tell off a Russian noble. It is easy to believe that a patriarchal Jew might dispatch a bullying, insufferable peasant in a small Russian village and do it so cleverly that the police are not suspicious. It is even easy to believe that Czarist police might be fooled into thinking that a revolutionary relative was being buried when it was only a dead cat resting in the coffin. It is easy, because Mr. Mankowitz makes it seem so plausible in his series of tributes to the Jewish intelligence, the *élan vital* of the Jewish spirit. A highly entertaining collection if you will suspend your ruder, more pragmatic spirit.

—Tom Blau.

Wolf Mankowitz—"highly entertaining."

—Peter Rossiter.

May Sarton—"civilized and profound."

Boston Excursion

"The Birth of a Grandfather," by May Sarton *(Rinehart. 277 pp. $3.75), is a story of two proper Bostonians, the strains of their married life and of their adjustment to them.*

By Frances Keene

MAY SARTON'S "The Birth of a Grandfather" is, like all her work, civilized and unassumingly profound. Again her story's background is Boston, as "Shadow of a Man," a Boston any proper Bostonian, especially any Cantabrigian, would recognize. And again her characters are the gently-bred well-to-do who have somehow resisted the quick-money boys and the do-it-yourself faddists, people who have, therefore, escaped market fluctuations, excessive material avidity and who, because they call in a carpenter when a shelf needs mending, still have time to live out their lives in decent intellectual pursuits. These they take with seriousness but not without humor. Content with responsible rôles rather than tub-thumping leadership ("What's more tangible than influence?" Caleb says to his aging uncle in "The Birth of a Grandfather"), this little band of educated conservatives pulls far more than its own weight—and of course that weight is not exerted exclusively, though perhaps predominantly, in academic circles.

Miss Sarton's present excursion into this world introduces us to the Wyeths, a couple on the early side of middle age whose daughter marries, in the course of the book, and produces the offspring heralded in the title. Frances and Sprig (a deplorable name) have a union which, though firmly patterned by over a generation of habit, has somehow failed to absorb, to satisfy Sprig. His wife's acute awareness of the impermanence of adult love is quickened when her closest friend's twenty-year marriage breaks.

From then on, Frances goes through her routine as head of her husband's household, mother of two markedly independent young people, confidante of Wyeth's sister, general manager, hostess, conversationalist, cook, with the distracted near-heartbreak of someone who feels failure crowding her at every move. Cautiously, Frances seeks to discover the springs of Wyeth's torment, recognizing with him that they lie in his inability freely to give of himself even to someone he believes he loves.

Sprig learns, through the slow death of a beloved friend, something

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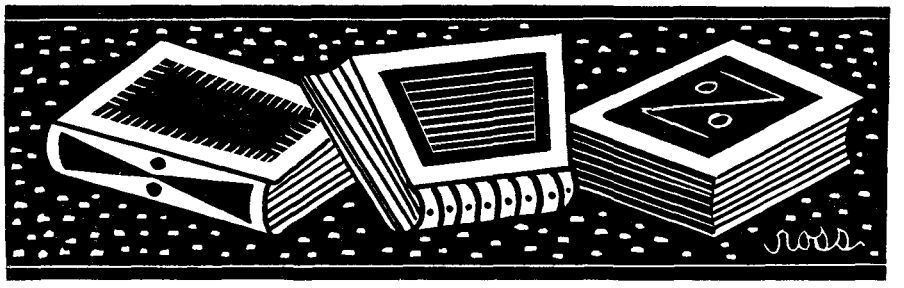

about the nature of giving and he learns it just in time to achieve an understanding truce with his son, Caleb. Just as death has released Sprig's capacities for self-awareness, so birth will lead him into a belated maturity, presumably permitting the vital Frances a little of the peace her over-extended love and patience have merited.

The author has long considered the difficulty of achieving personal harmony through human relationships. All her books, and much of her poetry, have shown preoccupation with the growth of the personality, the ability or lack of it to communicate love, or, for that matter, to feel it in the first place, the acceptance of birth and death as cyclical parts of man's continuity. These are primary concerns, usually wrapped in the thunderclouds of *Sturm und Drang*. But Miss Sarton's style is quiet, her dialogue true and sure. She describes no scene 'folkloristically' yet each has abundant authentic detail. And her situations, though low-keyed, are basic, alive with their own kind of tension, drama, and suspense.

There is too little written about people like the Wyeths who mercifully continue to exist and to perform their specific needed function of leavening our otherwise pretty flat loaf. American novelists prefer a more spectacular regionalism or a ramble on the wild side, with no time for so much as a glance at certain of those who believe that "the guilt of unconsciousness [is] the only unforgivable sin." Miss Sarton, with the detachment of her Anglo-Belgian origin and with the perception her many years in Cambridge have given her, has just the right degree of insight for the task.

DULY NOTED: **"The Boys,"** by George Sumner Albee (Ballantine, $3.75), follows a quintet of grade-school and high-school friends as they learn about the opposite sex, operate some extra-income ventures, and taste life's bitterness and joy in the Los Angeles of some thirty-seven years ago. An uncommonly good, pert novel about the youngster's world and its complications.

"April Lady," by Georgette Heyer (Putnam, $3.75), is a comedy of errors involving elderly Lord Cardross and his young wife who mistakes each other's marriage motives. The high and low life of England's Regency period are given a gay whirl by Miss Heyer, a specialist at this sort of thing. Her twenty-seventh novel is utterly feminine and best read with a side-dish of bonbons.

"The Best Short Stories of World War II," edited by Charles A. Fenton (Viking, $5.95), represents a sampling of twenty authors who impressed the editor and a group of polled writers and critics. Shaw, Michener, Burns, and Newhouse rated tops in the poll. Their settings are starkly realistic, their theme is predominantly "boy meets foreign girl," the keynote is loneliness, and their literary quality is high.

Good war stories are scarce, as demonstrated by the fact that many in this anthology were extracted from novels.

"The Moon by Night," by Joy Packer (Lippincott, $3.95), tells how a young English nurse is lured to Africa through a pen-palship and finds love at the end of a dangerous trail. Miss Packer, author of the notable novel "Valley of the Vines," attends strictly to the business of giving readers a full measure of realistic adventure and mystery.

"Felembre," by Jens Larsen (Muhlenberg, $3.50), is a picture of a dedicated medical missionary and his wife living in the African jungles. They encounter epidemics and report the social custom of a people whose witch doctor pours gin into the corpses of a tribal chief to administer a final stimulant to the spirit. The facts are autobiographical, the telling is warmly human, unsensational, and unpretentious. —S. P. MANSTEN.

First Reader

By Larry Rubin

THIS is a boy.
This is a girl.
The boy's name is Peter.
The girl's name is Peggy.

A. (1) What is the boy's name?
(2) What is the girl's name?
(3) How long did their names last?
(4) Draw what Peggy sees in the mirror.

Peter has a dog.
Peggy has a cat.
The dog's name is Rover.
The cat's name is Tags.

B. (1) What is the dog's name?
(2) What is the cat's name?
(3) Can you find a clock in the picture?
(4) What time does it say?

Rover is gnawing a bone.
Tags is playing with yarn.
Rover is burying the bone.
Tags is tangled in the yarn.

C. (1) Does Peter bury the bone?
(2) Where is Peter buried?
(3) Does Peggy play with the yarn?
(4) Where does Peggy play now?

D. (1) Do you have a dog?
(2) Do you have a cat?
(3) When did you play last?
(4) Tell the class where you are buried.

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AMERICANA

—From the book.

El Rancho Magnífico

"The King Ranch," by Tom Lea *(Little, Brown. 2 vols. 838 pp. $17.50), is a handsomely illustrated, abundantly documented history of the largest and most famous ranch in Texas. Stanley Vestal, who reviews it, is the author of "Queen of Cowtowns."*

By Stanley Vestal

NOT much that is authentic has been published on the King Ranch, the largest and most famous existing ranch in Texas, which celebrated its centenary in 1953. Thus it is particularly fortunate that the celebrated Texas painter-writer Tom Lea has for the time being forsaken fiction to give us a solid two-volume work on "The King Ranch."

Considering all that had happened at the King Ranch, it is hardly surprising that its owners excluded trespassers. They had strong fences, and their fences were patrolled. And so the press described the ranch as "a closed kingdom." Grim legends were spread abroad, provoking a curiosity long unsatisfied.

The mystery gives way to a straightforward yet sympathetic attempt to present the facts of this great pastoral enterprise in as complete detail as the records and space available afford. The result is a book that fills a great gap in the literature of the cattle industry and the history of the Southwest. It also falls aptly into the current increasing public interest in the dynamics of business, trade, and industry.

Here we have, in short, a fascinating story of continuing and expanding success based solidly upon the old American pioneer virtues—not of one man only, but of three generations of his family and their loyal retainers. It is a blow-by-blow account of the sacrifices, struggles, battles, and disasters of determined ranchers in those isolated drouth-ridden grasslands of a region inveterately contentious, seething with racial and national hatreds and border violence—that wild debatable land between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande; the Wild Horse Desert. There began the Mexican War—which stripped Mexico of half her territory.

On Tom Lea's pages we find plenty of bloodshed and derring-do, described with gusto and humor, with a great variety of characters: Texas Rangers, soldiers, bandits, smugglers, vaqueros, hide-peelers, politicians, lawyers, Indians, mustangers, horse thieves, and river men.

THE first volume is largely devoted to the life of Richard King, founder of the ranch. Like Shanghai Pearce, another great Texas cowman, he came from New England. In 1824, a lonely orphan eleven years old, of Irish ancestry, then unhappily apprenticed to a jeweler, he ran away to become in turn stowaway, cabin boy, pilot, and captain of a steamboat on the Rio Grande. He had only eight months' schooling, but learned the three R's, and had a natural gift for accounting. He also had a firm, square jaw and pale blue eyes, and loved bare-knuckle fighting. He early formed a lasting friendship with Mifflin Kenedy, a Quaker, who was long his partner. By building better boats they soon dominated the river traffic. But in 1852 a Ranger friend showed King the grasslands around Santa Gertrudis Creek, and joined him in setting up a cow camp there. On the Ranger's death, King carried on alone. Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee, Second U. S. Cavalry, then serving in Texas, gave King the principle on which he acted thereafter: "Buy land; and never sell."

Meanwhile King had fallen in love with the daughter of a Presbyterian preacher of the stricter sect. They were married and fought the good fight together. Though the Civil War enriched King, who sold cotton to Mexico for gold, there was plenty of trouble. First came Yankee Cavalry, hostile Indians, border raids; then Reconstruction, drouth, depressions, cow thievery, ambush, and murder. There were stirring times, as when Capt. Leander H. McNelly led a handful of Texas Rangers across the Mexican border and brought back stolen cattle.

Captain King put herds of longhorns branded with his "Running W" on "the road" to Kansas under his "herd boss" and driven by his "Kansas men" before the terms "trail drive" and "trail boss" had been invented. We have all read plenty about the hazards and adventures on the trails to the Kansas cowtowns; this book gives us for the first time the complete business records of such a drive.

Most of the cattle barons of those early days later went broke. But not Captain King. At one time his ranch comprised more than a million acres, every one acquired by purchase. After his death in 1885, one of his trail drivers said, "I never knew a rougher man, nor a better man."

The second volume continues the story of the ranch under the management of King's son-in-law, Robert Justus Kleberg, and his descendants. They all lived at the big ranch house, where King's widow, Henrietta, long maintained a household of Victorian primness and Presbyterian piety.

As the years passed these ranchers led in civic and public affairs, helping to bring in railroads, building a town called Kingsville, and establishing the largest pure-bred Shorthorn and Hereford herds in the United States. They have also produced the only recognized breed of beef cattle—the Santa Gertrudis—ever developed in this country.

This breed was developed of necessity to produce an animal better adapted to the South Texas range and climate, as well as more beef of higher quality. In like manner, the ranch produced better cow ponies, quarter horses, and polo ponies. They long ago abandoned the old cruel

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and stupid method of "bronc-busting." They gentle their horses.

One such necessity led to another, and in time the ranch acquired a racing stable of notable horses, one of the most colorful and consistently successful in the country. Likewise the ranch took the lead in research, which proved that ticks carried the deadly "Texas fever," and led in eradicating ticks.

It solved the tough problem of restoring grassland by weeding out the jungles of mesquite and thorn with heavy equipment invented for that purpose. It restored missing trace minerals by feeding these into the water the cattle drank, thereby greatly increasing the weight of their cows and the number of calves. Acres of prickly pear were cultivated. A machine was perfected to burn off the spines rapidly, so that cattle could eat the fleshy cactus when grass failed in recurrent drouths.

New grasses were introduced, and citrus groves developed. The King Ranch went far beyond State regulations for conserving wild game. All its operations were modernized—good fences, a motor pool, artesian wells—and oil wells—with model houses for its employes and school houses for their children. New acreage was leased or purchased in Oklahoma, Kentucky, Louisiana, and Pennsylvania. And now the ranch has joined with foreign operators to raise livestock in Cuba, Australia, and Brazil. For, although enriched by many oil wells, the King Ranch remains fundamentally a cattle ranch.

It is quite characteristic that this forward-looking enterprise celebrated its centenary not with a blow-out but by assemblying a symposium of scientists and experts and ranchmen to explore new technological frontiers with a view to "Breeding Beef Cattle for Unfavorable Environments." Irish spunk and gumption, German thoroughness and industry, and American idealism had worked wonders in that harsh environment.

Tom Lea, necessarily with the cooperation of the family, has given us an enthusiastic, clear, readable, and convincing account of all this. Here and there he indulges in a bit of fine writing or a purple passage, as a painter-author may be privileged to do, and displays an aptitude for coined words and original uses of prepositions. But all this only lends spice to his story.

In addition to his story, he has made for us forty-three drawings and seven maps. He includes eleven facsimiles of important papers. There are no less than nineteen appendices documenting as many phases of the history of the ranch.

Crusty Croesus

"Ford: Expansion and Challenge," by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill *(Scribners. 714 pp. $8.95), an account of Henry Ford and his company from 1915 to 1933, is the second volume of a full study. Roger Burlingame, author of "Machines That Built America," reviews it.*

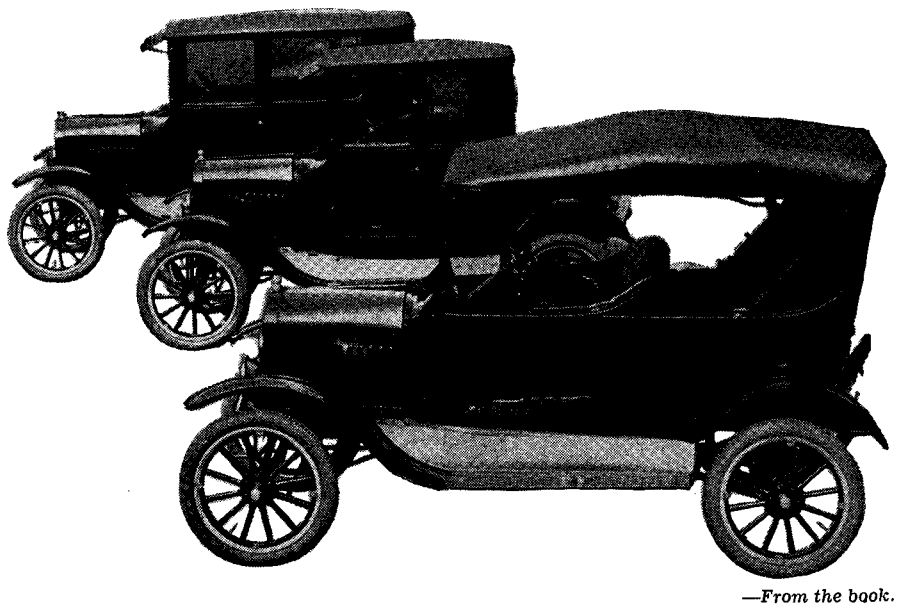
By Roger Burlingame

THE publication of "company histories" has, of late years, reached epidemic proportions. Many of them are heavy with statistics and factual matter; others are mere "puffs." If they are skilfully arranged and written without bias, however, they form a body of historical literature of which our industrialized society is greatly in need.

The enterprise resulting from an arrangement between Columbia University and the Ford Motor Company and undertaken by Allan Nevins and Frank Ernest Hill is far from the run-of-mill company history. Together, the two volumes—"Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company" published in 1954 and "Ford: Expansion and Challenge," its just published sequel—not only tell the story of the fabulous company from its start to the critical years of the Depression but are, as well, a fascinating intimate personal biography of the greatest industrialist the world has known.

It would, of course, be impossible to write the history of this gigantic one-man industrial empire—probably the last of its kind in America—without constant reference to its builder. As the authors say, "Henry Ford's reputation and that of the Ford Motor Company were almost as indissoluble as Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins." In order to understand the company, therefore, the authors had, in their first book, to go into the forebears, the birth, and the childhood of the man as well as to draw a picture of the times in which he matured and, in the second, to go far outside the organization into the political, social and family life, the whims, foibles, weaknesses, and failings of this almost legendary figure.

The new volume will interest more readers than its predecessor because it covers the most exciting years of its subject. The coming-of-age of Model T and its final departure from the American scene; the financing of the expanding company; the building of the vertical trust that has been called an "empire"; the development of the vast Rouge plant; the growth of the one-man dictatorship; the movement into foreign fields; the perfecting of the mass-production pattern; the controversy with organized labor—all are handled with a combination of factual detail and anecdotal narrative that is skilful indeed. But more engrossing to the general reader are the stories of Ford's personal behavior. His quixotic crusade for peace culminating in the voyage of the *Oscar II;* his quick reverse on the declaration of war; his naive testimony in court when the *Chicago Tribune* tried to make a monkey of him; his historical enthusiasms; his curious political concepts; his craving for publicity coupled with his personal fear of speech-making; his paternalism; the combination of ignorance and genius and his



—From the book.

The Model T—backbone of the gigantic one-man empire.

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unreasoned anti-Semitism—all these are colorfully presented but with a meticulous effort to bypass the legends.

One imagines, reading of the many paradoxes in Ford's career, that he would be branded a Communist today. There he was, the richest American in history, yet wholly distrustful of bankers and other financial operators, bitterly antagonistic to Wall Street, a pacifist who quoted Samuel Johnson's "patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel," hailed by British critics for the "true" socialism of his ideas and frequently scandalizing contemporary American tycoons by his attitudes toward labor. One might even suppose by his testimony in the celebrated Dodge suit, for example, that he actually distrusted the profit motive!

Far from unduly praising Henry Ford, the authors write at times in the vein of his severest critics. Their judgments of his forays into politics and journalism, his anti-Semitism, his ruthlessness, his hapazard or emotional estimates of men, his tolerance of Harry Bennett, his attitude toward his son, his refusal to face unwelcome exigencies, and many other evidences of weakness or perversity are stern enough to show the authors' complete independence.

As a reference book the volume is handicapped by an almost useless index. On the whole, however, it is not only a valuable addition to a woefully inadequate department of American literature, but it is an extremely readable book.

PLANES AND THEIR MAKERS: The saga of the Boeing Airplane Company, of Seattle and Wichita is told in **"Vision,"** by Harold Mansfield (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $5). It is a dynamic story about designing, producing, and flying some of the best airplanes that have ever been or ever will be built. The protagonists are machines—from the first B&W of Bill Boeing and Conrad Westerveldt in 1916 down through the all-metal Monomail, the B-17 Flying Fortress in all its manifestations, the B-52 jet bomber, the 707 jet Stratoliner, and all that family of which these are but among the most conspicuous representatives. The coadjutors—co-actors, if you will—are the men, the midwives, who worried and struggled and sweated them into being. For the aviation enthusiast who must know his subject inside out, here is a book to absorb him; for the social scientist and historian who would understand those importunate dronings in the sky that punctuate his quiet hours, this is an explanation that is also a revelation.

—Marvin W. McFarland.

AFRICA

Napoleon of the Veldt

"Rhodes of Africa," by Felix Gross *(Praeger. 433 pp. $6.75), is a biography of the man who dreamed of making all Africa British and for a time accomplished a not inconsiderable part of his goal. South-Africa-born John Barkham is our reviewer.*

By John Barkham

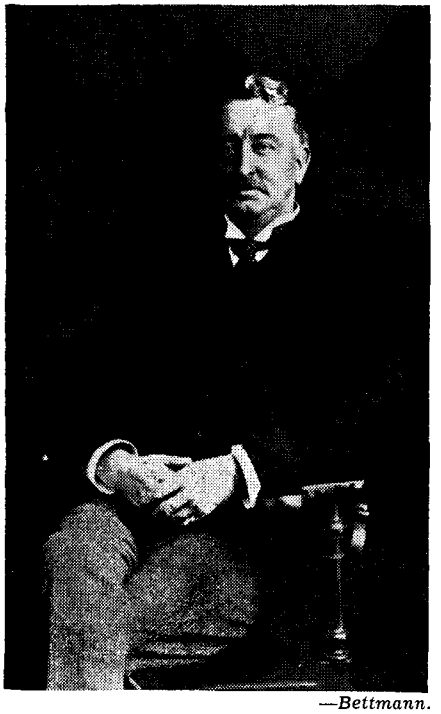
IN THE Municipal Gardens of Cape Town stands an impressive statue of Cecil John Rhodes with arm upraised, pointing northwards. On the pedestal below are inscribed his words: "Your hinterland is there." It is just as well the eyes are sightless, for the all-red British map of Africa he dreamed of never came to pass, the Cape-to-Cairo railway he planned was never finished, and the hinterland he tried to grab is shaking off a faltering British grasp.

Rhodes was one of the last, and certainly the most arrant of British imperialists. In a new and comprehensive biography called "Rhodes of Africa," Felix Gross quotes a revealing sentence from the first will Rhodes drew up in South Africa, in which he proclaimed his belief in "the extension of British rule throughout the world . . . the occupation by British settlers of the entire continent of Africa . . . the ultimate recovery of the United States of America as an integral part of the British Empire."

It is true that when Rhodes composed this remarkable document he was still a young man, but he never wavered from its basic intent. His life span (1853-1902) coincided with the climax of British imperialism, and he proudly gave his name to a country he wangled for the Empire. Today, a bare half-century later, Rhodes seems like a vestigial remnant of an age most Britons would sooner forget.

Since time has dealt harshly enough with him, Mr. Gross lets Rhodes down fairly lightly. In its day, of course, Rhodes's Kiplingesque jingoism was real enough, but how threadbare and shopworn it looks to us now! As a South African living in a country that has repudiated virtually everything Rhodes stood for, Mr. Gross can hardly be expected to be sympathetic. Yet, on the whole, he is generous to his toppled titan.

Any new biography of Rhodes must inevitably face comparison with the standard life, that of Sarah Gertrude Millin in 1933. Mr. Gross's book emerges surprisingly well from the test. While his traversal cannot hope to match the dramatic, exhortatory style Mrs. Millin employed, his narrative is eloquent enough, and in his scope and documentation he goes beyond Mrs. Millin. Indeed, a good deal of the material in these pages, notably in the charting of the influence of Rhodes on public opinion and vice versa, is fresh and apposite.



—Bettmann.

Cecil Rhodes—"wily, Janus-like."

Rhodes was, of course, a product of his time. Many other Englishmen of his generation must have dreamed of "bringing the whole civilized world under British rule," but the accident of the Kimberley diamonds and the millions he made from them enabled Rhodes to turn his dreams into deeds. Mr. Gross is unsparing as he uncovers Rhodes's wiliness in depriving the trusting Lobengula of his kingdom, his brutality in ordering the massacre of native *impis* with machine guns (he insisted on counting the corpses later), his arrogance in starting a private war with the Portuguese in Mozambique, his Janus-like deviousness in conciliating the Afrikaners in the Cape Colony while seeking to overthrow those in the gold-bearing Transvaal.

In some respects Rhodes was far-

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seeing, though not far-seeing enough. Twenty years before the Boer War he predicted that "the Dutch are the coming race in South Africa, and they must have their say in running the country." How shocked he would be if he could know that the Afrikaners (Dutch) were running the country exclusively today, or that "Groot Schuur," the magnificent mansion he built on the slopes of Table Mountain for future South African Prime Ministers, was now occupied by an Afrikaner who has never concealed his abhorrence of British ties.

Though it is easy to jeer at Rhodes now, the balance sheet is not all negative, and the author bends over backwards to balance the accounts. Rhodes may have been unscrupulous, but he was also a great builder, and it is the builders who shape history. General Smuts liked to quote the Persian proverb: "The dogs bark, but the caravan moves on." While his critics barked, Rhodes moved on with his colonizing of virgin bush, his building of telegraphs and railroads, his construction of roads and towns, his raising of crops and mining of minerals. His vision of Anglo-Saxon dominance haunted him to the end, but at least it yielded the admirable Rhodes scholarships.

On balance, then, this is a fine biography, full, frank, and wide-ranging, neither shielding Rhodes nor excoriating him, and capturing both the sweep and the craftiness of the man. Mr. Gross sums up Rhodes fairly when he quotes the verdict of W. T. Stead: "It is seldom in the annals of empire that one man has been permitted in his brief career to illustrate both the qualities which build up empires and the faults which destroy them." For my part, I prefer the words of George Meredith when he said of Rhodes: "I would crown him, and then scourge him with the crown still on him."

First in the Bush

"Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?" by Ian Anstruther *(Dutton. 207 pp. $3.95) and* ***"The Man Who Presumed," by Byron Farwell*** *(Holt. 334 pp. $5) are biographies of the curious little man who called himself Henry Morton Stanley.*

By Bennett Epstein

TO MOST people, Henry Morton Stanley is known only for his classic remark on coming upon Dr. Livingstone. But the expedition in search of Livingstone was a journalistic stunt conceived by the dynamic James Gordon Bennett of the *New York Herald.* It is as an explorer rather than as a roving reporter that Stanley made his great contributions to the world and vastly extended its frontiers. Two new biographies tell the story of this man who did most to open up Central Africa for outside exploration: Ian Anstruther's "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume?" and Byron Farwell's "The Man Who Presumed."

Although Mr. Anstruther, in his preface, acknowledges that the finding of Livingstone was far from the most important of Stanley's accomplishments and that most biographers "quite rightly" give it only passing mention, he has chosen to conclude his own book with this exploit and its aftermath of worldwide acclaim as well as the spiteful jealousy of the Royal Geographical Society and newspaper rivals.

Anstruther probably never intended his book as a biography, which his publishers call it, but only as the authentic story of a single famous adventure. This is indicated by his title and his statement that, at the time, Stanley considered it the supreme experience of his life. So it was, in 1871, when Stanley was only thirty. But he lived until 1904 with his greatest achievements crowded into the last half of his lifetime.

Mr. Farwell, while giving the Livingstone episode much more than passing mention, has written a fully proportioned, complete biography. The meeting with Livingstone was indeed a turning point in Stanley's life. The assurance he acquired from his able execution of this mission and his respect and real love for the old missionary-explorer undoubtedly led to his relinquishing journalism and devoting the rest of his life to exploratory expeditions into the heart of darkest Africa.

On the first of these, which lasted three years, Stanley accomplished the mapping of hitherto unknown territory, with the exact location and extent of Victoria and Tanganyika lakes and the Congo, second longest river in the world. A year later, after completing a thousand-page book describing his journey "Through the Dark Continent," he was back again on an expedition sponsored by King Leopold of Belgium to develop the Congo according to Stanley's own carefully worked out plans. During this four-year mission he made friends with most of the hostile tribes, established a line of stations, built the town of Leopoldville, and actually founded the Congo Free State and was its first ruler.

Two years later he was back in Africa again, commissioned to rescue Emin Pasha, a European governor of a Sudan province under siege by the terroristic Mahdists. This trip included a four months' trek through a great rain forest involving hardships that exceeded anything he had ever encountered before and won for him more immediate fame than any of his previous discoveries.

Both Anstruther's book, as far as it goes, and Farwell's make the most of Stanley's experiences and are adventure stories as exciting as the most fantastic fiction. But the personality of the hero is even more fascinating than his exploits.

THE man who called himself Henry Morton Stanley, although this was not his name, was a grotesque little figure. Queen Victoria, who presented him with a jeweled snuffbox after the Livingstone mission and later with a knighthood wrote of him as "a determined ugly little Man—with a strong American twang." But Stanley was not an American, either, although he fought in the Civil War, first with the Confederate army and later with the Union, not caring very much about the issues involved on either side.

Coming of Air Age

By Hollis Summers

CAN a man be born again? is not a new
Question. But nobody returns to the womb, not really
Not even a madman crouched in a pool. It is silly
To belabor easy phrases. If I were you,

Which I am, as who isn't? except a few
Scientists, I would belligerently ignore the chill
Dew on our brows and discuss the pleasures of air travel
Quite naturally. Flight is the norm. Eschew

Any other thought. It is the only way to pursue
Pursuing time. Enter the body by the aisle.
A little mother with pillow and food and a smile
Will strap you in. We can trust a mechanical crew.

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He was the illegitimate child of a Welsh farmer named John Rowland, who died soon after his birth, and a domestic servant who immediately deserted him and refused to recognize him when they met on two occasions afterward. At the age of six he was put into a workhouse where he remained for almost ten years in conditions beyond anything that Dickens ever imagined. At fifteen he ran away and eventually signed up on a ship bound for New Orleans. There, after a variety of jobs, he met a trader's agent named Henry Morton Stanley who took a fancy to him, gave him a home, a name, and the first friendship he had ever known. But both Stanley and his wife died soon after and the young Henry was on his own again.

After the war he drifted from one job to another and, by chance, into journalism and ultimately was sent to Abyssinia by the *New York Herald* to cover a civil war going on there. By then, at the age of twenty-eight, he made a mark in his profession and was picked by Bennett for the Livingstone mission.

The stigma in Victorian times of his illegitimate birth, his rejection by both parents and brutal childhood were obvious influences in determining a hypersensitive, withdrawn personality, humorless and puritanical to the point of priggishness, with a constant drive to prove himself before his fellows. So obvious, in fact, that both Mr. Anstruther and Farwell have sensibly resisted the modern biographer's tendency to a psychological case history. Anstruther goes into the details of Stanley's childhood more fully but withholds the compensating picture of the end of his life. At forty-nine Stanley married a beautiful, accomplished, and understanding woman who gave him in his last fourteen years the affection and devotion that balanced his loveless youth.

But Anstruther tells one story that typifies and somehow humanizes the stiff little Victorian conqueror. Asked in his later years whether he had really greeted Livingstone with the words that had become the joke of the century Stanley answered, "Yes. I couldn't think what else to say."

AGRICULTURAL MISSIONARY: The life story of an Alabama-born African, the son of slaves, who went as an agricultural missionary to the interior of Angola in Portugese West Africa and led his people there a long way along from Stone Age toward Machine Age standards in thirty years is told with the utmost simplicity by Samual B. Coles in **"Preacher With a Plow"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). Coles worked in his boyhood as a field hand and a track hand, laying steel rails, followed by five years in logging camps, driving oxen and making bows and yokes, and three years as a blacksmith. Then, while a student at Talladega College, a desegrated school in Alabama, he read of the great Scotch missionary, Alexander M. MacKay who, around 1875, set up a primitive forge and machine workshop in Darkest Africa. He began to dream. But at Angola when, after service in the medical corps in the First World War, he took up duty as an accredited missionary of the Congregational Christian Church, there were no horses; women were the main beasts of burden. The people said that to stir that soil would bring evil upon them, for their babies were buried by the river, to be near water. The Rev. Sam Coles, who then was thirty-five, prevailed upon five of the bravest men to break five acres with hoes that he made himself.

That was a start. They went on from there to plows, iron plows, ox-carts, elementary sanitation, and small cash-crop surpluses. It was slow going, but in some places this primitive agricultural extension teaching wrought wonders.

In the end, nearing seventy, and officially retired, we find him planning a children's shelter, or orphanage, in Angola, and for an extension of further progress from there throughout the land beyond. A one-line publisher's note at the end of the preface adds as a postscript: "Mr. Coles died on March 8, 1957." His is a gentle, valiant, and truly memorable work.

—Russell Lord.

HOOLIGAN AMONG THE MAU MAUS: In some ways a detestable book, but of undeniable readability is William Baldwin's autobiographical **"Mau Mau Man-Hunt"** (Dutton, $3.95). Baldwin was on a round-the-world motorcycle trip in 1954 when he found his cash running out. He chanced to be in Kenya when this happened, and, being an adventurous type, he enlisted in the Kenya Police Reserve, then near the climax of its hideous struggle with the Mau Mau.

He served for fifteen months in a variety of jobs, ranging from ordinary police patrols in Nairobi, the capital, to penetrating the forest hideouts of the Mau Mau gangs, disguised as a terrorist, in order to get within shooting distance of his quarry.

Carrying a gun was a matter of common form, for men and women alike. In his patrols and his "pseudo-gangster" activities, William Baldwin was in constant danger; life was cheap on both sides, and it is understandable that the Security Forces grew somewhat trigger-happy. The book sounds a caustic note (and rightly so)

PHOTO BY MADAME YEVONDE

A sequel to a best-seller

TESTAMENT OF EXPERIENCE

by Vera Brittain

One of the most famous books to come out of World War I was Vera Brittain's **Testament of Youth,** which interpreted history in terms of the author's personal life, revealing what war meant to the world's youth. This volume continues the history of that same generation, which, in today's atomic age, faces the greatest challenge of all.

". . . truly a remarkable book, searchingly and sensitively written, the distillate of a life richer than most in love, thought, pain, and achievement. It is about as far from a religious do-it-yourself as a book could be, but I think it would be difficult to read it thoughtfully without having, oneself, something of a religious experience."
— Saturday Review.

$5.00

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when telling of political opinion in England, which often seemed to see the Mau Mau as heroes ridding themselves of a savage tyranny. They constituted, in fact, a disgusting corner of the human zoo, and as such had to be dealt with by methods indefensible in a court of law, and scarcely excusable even against a background of violence, blood-lust, and treachery.

Mr. Baldwin is interesting when he describes the steady deterioration of black-and-white relationships in the Colony; he makes a fair case for the white settlers who have built the country by their own sweat and faith, and a fair case also against the half-baked political gangsters who nearly brought Kenya to ruin. He is less than fair to a distinguished governor, Sir Evelyn Baring, who, faced with a situation which was none of his making, had to satisfy an impossible variety of public opinion, and still strike a balance between the rule of law and the need for exemplary punishment.

But what sticks in the throat, when you read this book, is the author's pride in his own ruthlessness as a killer. The constant shooting of prisoners in cold blood grows sickening by repetition. God knows that you cannot fight terror and treachery with paper weapons; but equally you cannot degrade yourself to the same level, which only extends the area of hooliganism, and further shames the day. This book is valuable if only to show how such a monstrous infection can spread to both sides.

—NICHOLAS MONSARRAT.

DULY NOTED: **"Road to Ophir,"** by Rex Tremlett (Roy Publishers, $5) crams a lot of adventure into a short book. Starting at eighteen as manager of a tobacco plantation in Nyasaland, the author went on to farming in the Transvaal, gold mining in Rhodesia, and prospecting in Tanganyika and Uganda. Finally he discovered a buried road which, he thinks, led directly to that never located region of gold mentioned in the Bible. Other stirring incidents lose somewhat in the hurried telling.—BENNETT EPSTEIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

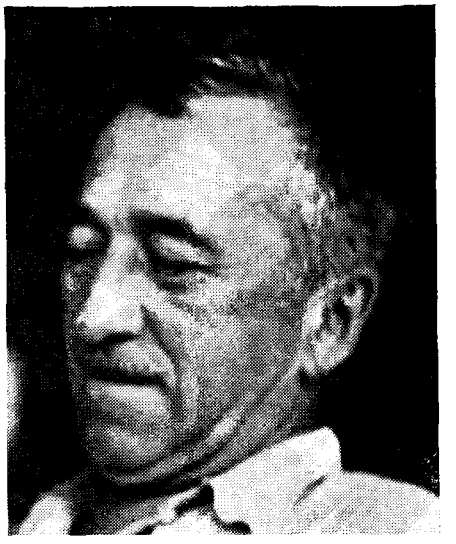
1. Man. 2. Men, Monuments. 3. Mice, Men. 4. Men, atch, y, ountains. 5. iracle, Mountains. 6. Master. 7. Médecin, Malgré. 8. Monkey. 9. Mind. 10. Marry, Money. 11. Mystery. 12. Murder. 13. Music. 14. Melody. 15. Moon. 16. Moonstone. 17. Mississippi. 18. Main. 19. Much, Me. 20. Mathematics, Million. Column Two should read: 19, 10, 11, 8, 16, 13, 6, 2, 1, 20, 5, 18, 9, 15, 7, 14, 12, 3, 4, 17.

HUMOR

Marvel of Acuity

"The World of John McNulty" *(Doubleday. 357 pp. $4.50), is a collection of some of the best writing of the late, great John McNulty. Sam Boal, who reviews it, knew him well.*

By Sam Boal



McNulty—"understood a lot of things."

MCNULTY. I can't recall anyone except his wife who in talking about McNulty ever called him anything but McNulty. In talking to him you would say "John," but in referring to him in conversation it was always McNulty and I suspect this is a kind of tribute. One never describes a Percheron as a Percheron horse or a Picasso as a Pablo Picasso or a Soave as a wine. There was, as it happened, only one John McNulty and his name was McNulty.

In telling a story—orally, that is—McNulty used to scrape his feet anticipatorally, and those who knew him were aware that something which escaped us that day had not escaped him and that he was going to tell us about it. He would then tell his story and the stories were always brilliantly edited and brilliantly brief. I never heard McNulty tell a joke, a Bob Hope joke; I doubt if he knew one. He would tell you about something he saw a while back or maybe about something he saw just on his way to the bar or maybe he would acquaint you with some general conclusion ("All watch repairmen are named Schneider") he had come to through a lifetime of observation. Some people would say "oblique" or "off-beat" or "wry" observation but this is wrong, because McNulty was never oblique. His directness was so direct that by comparison to the windbaggery of other people he just seemed oblique. His comments on people or horses or el tracks or how to slice a clove of garlic were almost miraculously acute.

And this is what this new book "The World of John McNulty" is about, and it is a book that it seems to me everybody, everybody, could read with pleasure and—to get materialistic—with profit. There is something in it for everybody, in the same sense that there is something in a big, good museum for everybody.

McNulty understood a lot of things and he understood them completely. He understood kids, for instance, and the formation of an English sentence and he understood TV actresses and he understood booze—the men who drank it and the men who sold it—and these understandings in the same person are a rare thing.

All of McNulty's magazine stories are here. There are the by now semi-classic Tim Costello-Third Avenue stories and there is the old lady who was left out of the census and the man who wanted to take a girl he had never met out for a Christmas dinner if only Aladdin would leap out of the bottle of Scotch on the bar and there is McNulty's visit to Ireland. But it is always people. McNulty goes to Dublin and Trinity College to see the Book of Kells, surely the most wondrous book in the world, but the reader will remember the museum guard stationed at the Book more than the Book itself because McNulty saw something that day which we didn't. We looked at the Book; McNulty looked a little farther, and saw the guard.

I think one of the reasons McNulty always looked a little farther was his old-fashioned newspaper training. In those days, some of us who were learning the newspaper business learned to tell what happened. McNulty could tell, superbly, what happened. He was a highly capable newspaperman, one of the best I ever saw. It is, I suppose, hard for youngsters these days to understand that there

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was a time when newspaper writers were good writers. Nowadays, because of the economics involved, newspapermen are obliged to work on Madison Avenue or on magazines or for TV, areas which can afford to pay more for writing skill.

McNulty could write any kind of newspaper story. He could write the one about the judge in New Jersey who sentenced the naughty dog to three days in Coventry for snarling at the mailman or he could write about a complex stock transfer somewhere on Pine Street or write the one about the eccentric hermit found dead with $16,879.23 in bank deposits on him or he could do the Françoise Sagan interview or he could—if he wanted—write the letter to the editor from the horse which won the Kentucky Derby. I recall one New Year's Day when all of us limped into the office of the *New York Mirror* and one of us had to do the New Year's Eve story and McNulty got it. It was as hard to be fresh on this story as it would be to be fresh on a story about the Parthenon, but McNulty, weighty with revelry, began his story: "A good chunk of New York woke up this morning with the best hangovers money could buy."

TO A writer, as this book proves, McNulty's writing is wizardry. McNulty wrote about people in very dangerous areas. He wrote about cab drivers and according to the cornball rules cab drivers are oozy sentimentalists full of grace wisdom when anyone over twelve knows that in general they are talky know-nothings; McNulty knew. Lower court magistrates are supposed to be everybody's kindly but stern uncle when in reality they are minor, and publicity-crazed, politicians. McNulty knew that the myth is that beneath all cops' uniforms thumps a heart of gold but McNulty also knew that cops steal bananas from bewildered people named Gonzales.

I think the impression is abroad that McNulty was a kind of gushing philosopher, who found good in everyone, but this is not true. McNulty, like anyone with any sense, was an amused cynic. When he has the cab driver in his story "Some Nights When Nothing Happens Are the Best Nights in This Place" say about a saloon: "Nobody goes there any more. It's too crowded," he is making fun of the cab driver, and of us and also of McNulty. This, it seems to me, is the mark of the grownup and I think that McNulty, as this book glowingly shows, was one of the most grownup grownups I ever knew—or read—and this is why "The World of John McNulty" is a book everyone can read with pleasure—and profit.

Executive Reading

"Parkinson's Law," by Professor G. Northcote Parkinson *(Houghton Mifflin. 112 pp. $3), a product of the Stephenpotter school of social thinking, deals with man operating at the highest level—government and big business. H. Allen Smith, one of the leading American humorists, reviews it.*

By H. Allen Smith

THERE are 286 different types of humor and one of them is the English, sometimes known as the downroarious (or lowlarious). This type can be extremely baffling to an American, although there are occasions when it can please him more than his native product.

Professor Parkinson's book "Parkinson's Law" is downroarious, it is lowlarious, it is English . . . and it is just plain superb. I have no information about the author, save that he is "Raffles Professor of History at the University of Malaya." And I read his book in galley proof form, without benefit of the jacket blurb to give me the real inside story of what it was all about.

It stems from the school of Stephenpottermanship, both as to length and as to method. I am among the strongest advocates of Potter and it saddens me a little to have to admit that Professor Parkinson has out-ployed the Master. The reason may lie in the choice of subject matter.

Parkinson deals with man operating at his highest level—or what man *thinks* is his highest level—i.e., government and big business. His book consists of ten astringent essays, and you cannot read those essays and watch television at the same time. This is a book requiring attentiveness because it is written in the language of the social scientist or engineer, and scattered through its pages are tables and charts and mathematical formulae. If I may undertake a weird statement: it is pedantic without being pedantic.

The tone, in fact, might be quite misleading to a reader who wasn't devoting his whole attention to it. Held off at arm's length and regarded with a casual eye (as in a bookstore) the prose would appear to be stodgy and deadening. But fetched in closer and examined with more care, it turns out to have not only sparkle but warmth.

Parkinson's law (or the Rising Pyramid) is not dealt with until Chapter 4. Basically it says that work expands so as to fill the time available

halfway up the sky

JANE MERCHANT

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FACE TO FACE

By VED MEHTA

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for its completion. Or, to put it another way, that an office staff can be increased five-fold and the work load will automatically adjust itself to fit the situation. This is not at all clear as I state it, nor is it clear as the Professor states it, but at least the Professor makes it immensely stimulating.

He deals at length with the science of the committee meeting. One of his essays is a demonstration of the fact that the achievements of a meeting, any meeting, do not depend on wisdom or the lack of it, but wholly on the seating plan.

One of the most enlightening papers in the book is the one titled "High Finance, or the Point of Vanishing Interest," which begins: "People who understand high finance are of two kinds: those who have vast fortunes of their own and those who have nothing at all." This essay is a sort of British "Treasurer's Report" and in its way is as funny as Mr. Benchley's.

There is a chapter dealing with offices and plants and structures, containing a most astonishing theory; another considers the cocktail party as an instrument for judging a person's worth (without regard to his drinking habits); there are some interesting asides on the art of tax evasion, and there is a concluding chapter on retirement that would be depressing if it were not so funny.

It is my guess that Professor Parkinson's book is going to have a large circulation in the United States. The suggestion has been made that it should be of major interest to the Organization Man. The appeal goes beyond that—executives of every stripe will find it enlivening, and I think that those who man the lowlier desks will get certain satisfactions out of it. As for myself, a free-lance loafer, I suspect that we have a small classic on our hands.

DAY OF THE VIGILANTE: Twenty-one years ago Stanton A. Coblentz published a popular history of vigilante days in San Francisco that was notable for its vivid prose and its recapture of the human qualities underlying violent events. Now a new generation of readers is offered a revised edition of the book. **"Villains and Vigilantes"** (Thomas Yoseloff, $5) tells the story of the two vigilante committees that the businessmen of San Francisco organized, first in 1851 and again in 1856, to suppress crime and political corruption in their city during the turbulent gold rush era. The author concludes that local conditions justified their arbitrary decrees of hanging and banishment, but that in the long run they may have set a bad precedent for less worthy vigilance committees. —HAL BRIDGES.

SHADY BUSINESS

The Bold Pretender

"The Tichborne Impostor," by Geddes MacGregor *(Lippincott. 288 pp. $3.95) and* ***"The Tichborne Claimant," by Douglas Woodruff*** *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 479 pp. $4.75) tell the story of Arthur Orton, who achieved great celebrity in Victorian England claiming to be the heir to a great fortune.*

By Allen Churchill

IN THE year 1854, a young man named Roger Charles Tichborne, heir to an English baronetcy and estates, stepped aboard the sailing ship *Bella*, in Rio de Janeiro. The *Bella* was shortly wrecked off the coast, and no survivors were ever reported.

But in the best tradition of Victorian mothers, Lady Tichborne refused to believe her son dead. She kept a lamp burning in the window of Tichborne Hall, and investigated his death so diligently that in time her search became well known. Twelve years later an improbable figure rose from the Australian bush to make claim to being Roger Tichborne. He was Arthur Orton, forever after known as "The Claimant," and from 1867 to 1874 one of the most famous men in England.

Arthur Orton—"a mammoth of fat."

In time, the Tichborne Case became the longest and possibly the most expensive known to the English law courts. Now after years of neglect (though one of Josephine Tey's fine mysteries was loosely based on it), two books on The Claimant and his self-imposed tribulations have simultaneously appeared. The reader can pay his money and make a definite choice, for in "The Tichborne Impostor" Geddes MacGregor proceeds under the certainty that The Claimant was a downright impostor and a mighty poor one at that. Douglas Woodruff, in "The Tichborne Claimant," takes a more measured, or British, point of view. From his book, the reader must make up his own mind after an impartial presentation of fact and background.

Anyone who reads both books is likely to agree with Mr. MacGregor, while enjoying Mr. Woodruff more. The Claimant was unpleasant physically, a mammoth of fat who drank two gallons of whiskey a week and with difficulty held himself to twenty cigars a day. One of the claims he made publicly to strengthen his case was that (as Roger Tichborne) he had seduced his young sweetheart before leaving for South America. His letters were crude and illiterate, as was his speech. Yet Lady Tichborne was immediately won to him, believing that her handsome, educated son had been grossly coarsened by contact with barbaric Australians. Proceeding slowly, with an animal shrewdness that is felt in both books, The Claimant won people to his side. In 1874 he was sent to prison, but even as he went the poor were sending him pennies to pay for his defense.

In Mr. Woodruff's book we find the reason for this. Under Queen Victoria, the aristocracy and middle class attained an unbelievable smugness and superiority. Thus the poorer folk were glad to see one of their own—Arthur Orton was born on Wapping High Street, London—making fools of the upper classes.

But even with such wide public support. The Claimant's boorishness was so insufferable that he could not get away with it. He was finally sentenced to fourteen years in prison, and served ten. He lived on as a bartender and drifter, and when he

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Roger Tichborne, the vanished heir.

died crowds flocked to the undertaking parlor to view his body. They especially relished the gold plaque which brazenly stated "Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne."

Mr. MacGregor's book is one to read and enjoy, Mr. Woodruff's one to cause thought and perhaps wonder. Pay your money, take your choice.

COUNTERFEITERS: Murray Teigh Bloom became interested in counterfeiters in 1952. In Mexico, doing a story on Trotsky's murderer, he fell in with a criminologist who made the detection of counterfeits a fascinating hobby. Mr. Bloom, a successful magazine writer, became similarly infected, with the result that he has now written **"Money of Their Own"** (Scribners, $4.50).

According to Mr. Bloom, the Golden Age of Counterfeiting in this country came between 1836 and 1896. Prince of our counterfeiters during this gaudy era was William Brockway, who took some periphery courses at New Haven and thus qualifies as a Yale man. Brockway plates were so good that even Government sleuths thought he stole them from the U.S. Mint. In nine other chapters Mr. Bloom ranges the United States and Europe culminating—chronologically, at least—with the grand Nazi plan for counterfeiting Bank of England notes. (John Steinbeck and others suggested a similar plan for this country, as Mr. Bloom adds.) The author's research is impressive, but his writing shows signs of haste and is not always arranged for the strongest dramatic effect. However, the book is full of fascinating information. —A. C.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
POOR HARRIET *Elizabeth Fenwick* (Harper: $2.95)	Conn. housewife, spendthrift type, found dead in car; trail takes in Manhattan; female screwball dominates.	Handling deft, delicate; end not unguessable; village folk neatly drawn; fires burn brightly; pace smooth.	Nice going.
THE MARY ROBERTS RINEHART CRIME BOOK (Rinehart: $3.95)	505-page omnibus includes "The Door" (1930), "The Confession" (1922), "The Red Lamp" (1925).	Pleasant foreword explains author's penchant for mysteries; two yarns based on actual cases.	Safe and sure.
THE MAN WITH THE CANE *Jean Potts* (Scribner: $2.75)	Divorced Greenwich Villagers in middle as corpse disfigures church steps; cops question survivors.	Six-year-old lassie prominent; yarn alternately discloses, conceals; pace variable.	Medium.
DEATH OF AN AMBASSADOR *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.95)	Latin-American envoy shot in London; Tommy Hambledon of Foreign Office scours Paris with Sûreté help.	Break-up of gang involves numerous hair-breadth scapes; sugar cubes juggled; dog howls for dead.	Gay and gory as ever.
THE CARTARET HOTEL MYSTERY *James Corbett* (Roy: $2.75)	Pipe-smoking Insp. Page takes over as manager of swank London caravanserai bites rug.	Aged curmudgeon also present; locked-room variant; repetitive and diffuse; odd characters abound.	Incredible.
DEATH FOR SALE *Henry Kane* (Dell: 25¢)	Promiscuous NY blonde done in; Capt. Kilgallen of cops (who drinks and smokes on duty) takes over.	Characters molded to fit switcheroo formula; tycoon on spot.	Thin.
GIDEON'S NIGHT *J. J. Marric* (Harper: $2.95)	Dusk-to-dawn recital of Yard ace's tussle with wide variety of crime (kidnapping to gang war).	Interplay of character and action well managed and sustained; family concerns abound (cops are people). —SERGEANT CUFF.	Sound performance, as always.

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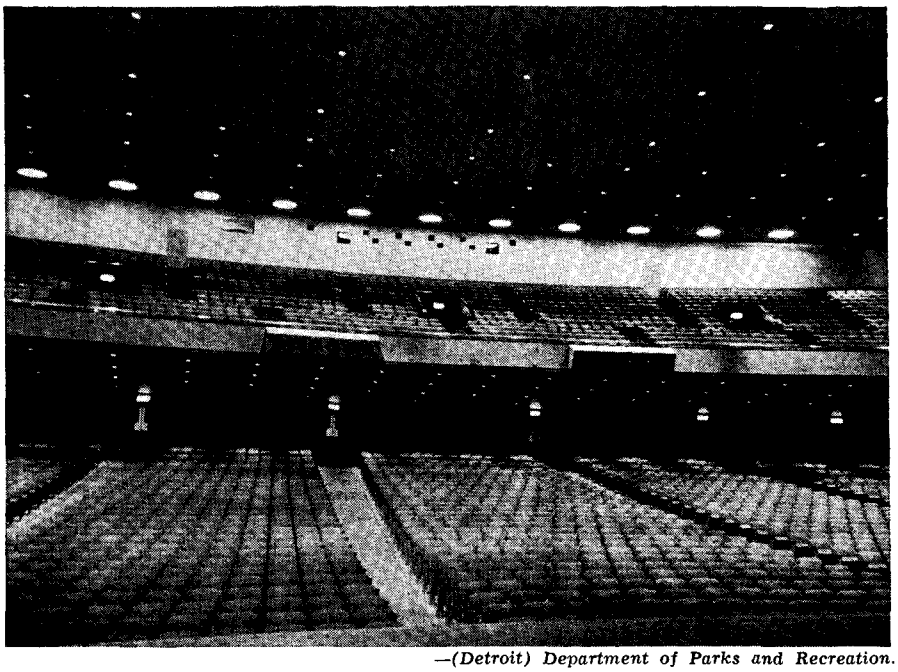
MUSIC TO MY EARS

A Ford (Auditorium) in Detroit's Present



—(Detroit) Department of Parks and Recreation.

Inside the Henry and Edsel Ford Memorial Auditorium.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

BETTER than most Americans, perhaps, Detroiters are acquainted with the slogan "Watch the Fords Go By." Unlike others, however, they are becoming accustomed these days to the idea of the Fords watching people go by, as the auditorium built by the benefaction of the pioneer motor family makes ready for its second year of service.

Driving about the misty motor metropolis on a recent rainy Saturday, the eye fell on a handsome construction on the river front. "This has to be the new concert hall," I thought. "Detroit can't have two buildings like this." A few minutes' inspection (under the guidance of standby manager Richard Zimmerman, who apparently considers the building his charge even on a late August weekend) convinced me that not only was Detroit lucky to have one building like the Henry and Edsel Ford Memorial Auditorium, but that such cities as New York and Chicago, which have been talking about comparable constructions lately, would be thrice blessed to come off with anything equally good.

A modern construction for a modern city, Ford Auditorium (as it is conversationally known) is approached by a broad plaza serving two purposes. In general plan and landscaped surroundings it has a kind of resemblance to the United Nations' Assembly Hall on New York's East River waterfront. But Detroit is a different kind of city than New York; hence, the provision for parking 750 automobiles in a garage concealed by the plaza. This first utilitarian purpose is complemented by the secondary, decorative one. By day, or for those who come by night on foot, the plaza provides a long vista to the well-proportioned facade and the river beyond.

Assuming that patrons of the Detroit Symphony (for which the building provides a long-desired haven from its previous unsuitable shelter in a Masonic Auditorium) come to the concerts by twos and fours, the parking space will accommodate most of the vehicles for a capacity audience of 2,926. Creature comfort is further considered by escalators from the subterranean parking space to the auditorium level, and air conditioning is present, as a matter of course, for the entire building. Certainly there are neither obstructions nor inconveniences to distract a listener from conductor Paul Paray's performances.

A stroll through the auditorium reveals to the eye many of the factors that promise pleasure for the ears. The downstairs seating space fans back from the stage in a modified funnel effect; the walls are faced with wood, as good acoustical practice decrees. A single balcony adds 1,078 seats to the 1,848 on the main floor. There are no boxes, no other protrusions on the sides of the hall to interfere with functional design. A refining detail might be noted in the upward slant to the underside of the balcony floor which overhangs the rear of the orchestra. This should promote reverberation and eliminate the dead spots which sometimes accompany such an overhang.

In addition to comfortable seats (when they are suitably occupied by bodies and clothing the "live" character of the hall is doubtless muffled to a nicely resonant degree), the auditorium affords admirably versatile stage facilities. A proscenium measuring seventy-five feet wide and thirty-five feet high is backed by a stage forty feet deep and 120 feet wide. As a concert hall, the area is extended by a fourteen-foot apron. For use as an opera house, or for ballet and elaborate "musicals," the apron can be depressed to become the floor of an orchestra pit seating eighty-five. It is hardly necessary to say that Detroit has not previously possessed such facilities. They may, even, finally persuade the Metropolitan Opera to give up its unreasonable "exclusivity" on behalf of Cleveland in this area.

Looking both to the present and the future, Ford Auditorium affords electronic resources matched in very few structures anywhere. Among these are an elaborate system for reproduction of stereophonic tapes or soundtracks through a battery of Altec-Lansing speakers; facilities for recording any events in the auditorium, including a sound studio for the ultimate in reproduction of the orchestra's performance; a special lighting system to make the hall easily adaptable to the requirements of television. These, of course, are in addition to the borders and spots, the footlights and arclights required for theatrical performances. As an additional refinement, a separate sound system feeds dressing rooms and public gathering places with outlets accessible to a central control.

In its concept, the Henry and Edsel Ford Auditorium is described as "a functional memorial to two of Detroit's most illustrious citizens." After an expenditure of nearly $5,000,000 ($4,900,000 is the quoted cost), the building is now the property of the city of Detroit with an unlimited vista of useful service to its ever-growing population. Whatever the trend of advertising slogans, there will always be a Ford (auditorium) in the present of Michigan's music lovers.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

LINES FROM BUCKNER'S ALLEY

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

Jimmy Bell in town, Lord, he walkin' round . . .

THE singer was Cat-Iron, and we were sitting in the front room of his neat, box-like, white-clapboard home at Number Seven, Buckner's Alley. The alley cuts through a strip of bottomland just back of the bluffs, once the site of a sawmill operated long ago by a man named Buckner. Buckner had given his name to the Bottom, and rows of narrow, board shacks had been thrown up along the traces of old pathways. One of the pathways had got to be known as "Tin-Can Alley," but then Buckner's name had overridden that, too, and both the alley and the bottom claim him today. Just east of the Mississippi and well below the high ground of historic, antebellum Natchez, the Bottom exists as a No Man's Land loosely appended to, but not a part of, old Natchez. For "No Man," you can also read "Negro."

We had come there because Thurman Monroe had said that Cat-Iron knew a lot of the old blues, and had even made up a few of his own.

"I guess he's what you might call a folk-singer," Monroe had added.

I had met Monroe only an hour before. I had stopped my car at a small frame cottage set in lawn and shaded by a chinaberry tree, in another part of Natchez. A Negro of medium height and stout build, dressed in white shirt and dark trousers, was cutting the grass with a big, old-fashioned hand lawnmower, while another man stood under the chinaberry tree, fingering the valves of a highly polished trumpet, blowing short, experimental runs as his cheeks puffed and flattened. This was Thurmond Monroe, alto saxophone player with the Otis Smith Orchestra of Natchez.

We found Cat-Iron on his narrow front porch, seated in a worn wicker chair and leaning forward to face a mirror of broken glass that had been placed on a cross-strut of the porch-screening. With deliberation, he was scraping at a bristly, gray stubble, using a safety razor. A stick of soap—no water—stood upright beside the mirror.

"I don't sing blues much any more," Cat-Iron explained after we had crowded two more chairs close beside him on the porch. "Just church music. You know, since I been converted, I sing the hymns."

"Aw Cat," Monroe pleaded, "you know three-four Saturdays ago I gave you three-fifty worth of quarters and dimes, just to hear you play some of those old ones. Remember?" Then he turned to me. "Our band plays anything, nowadays—rhumbas, Calypso, bop, pops—a bit of the blues. I think I'm really closer to blues than anything, though. But the public wants variety."

"I got no guitar, either," Cat replied as he went on scraping.

"Well, we could go down to Hawkins's, and borrow his."

When we got back the mirror, razor, and stick of soap were gone. Seeing Cat-Iron stand for the first time, I was impressed by the stocky build of his short frame. He looked hard, all muscle, gone to some flabbiness, but still hard in general outline. He wore a gray shirt open at the neck, cotton duck work pants, thick leather bottom-boots laced loose and folded down from the top. When he walked, he rocked.

"Let's go inside," he said as he took the guitar Monroe handed him, nodding his head toward the door. It was a large head, fitting the body that bore it; he had put on a soft, gray felt hat which cut across its elliptical form, concealing his forehead, but allowing light to sneak in under the brim and pick up the prominent lines of his long, straight nose and full, out-curved nostrils. The eyes, just above the cheekbone's highlight, were deep-set, with folds of flesh curving back from the ridge of the bone. His teeth, when he smiled, showed irregular.

Inside, I sat on the sofa while Monroe leaned back in a chair tilted against a windowsill. Cat set the guitar on his lap and began to tune up the strings. When they were right he placed the guitar on the bed beside him, rose, crossed the room to a veneer-dark dresser, and returned with a small, flat-sided medicine bottle. Taking up the guitar again, he applied the flat side of the bottle to the strings at the neck of the instrument, sliding it across the frets as he picked chords.

With the first notes, we knew we were in blues territory.

But it took some time to go beyond the first boundary. First Cat-Iron sang a hymn, "When the Saints Go Marching In." He sang it with feeling, with power, with compelling rhythm; he embellished it, on his guitar, with ornaments that could only come from years of blues-playing. Then we heard "When I Lay My Burden Down." Cat-Iron might be singing religion, but he was playing it with the heart of a blues-man.

We waited, politely. Monroe looked up at conclusion of the second hymn as Cat-Iron began to re-tune his guitar.

"I had it in bass-tone before," Cat-Iron explained. The word "bass" sounded like a fish, not a singer's register. "Now, I'm putting it in E natural."

The two selections that came next were fine—at the top of the list, as far as blues-playing can go—but I still had the impression that Monroe was waiting. No performer of Cat-Iron's experience chooses to run in his best piece at the head of a concert.

He got greenback enough,
sweet babe, to make a
man a suit . . .

With "Jimmy Bell," Cat-Iron seemed to be throwing the lines away as he worked into the song. Yet there was a hard intensity to his voice, an insistence, that made us want

—Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

Cat-Iron—"he looked hard."

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Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Modern Jazz Quartet. Atlantic 1265, $4.98.	This disc is devoted largely to solos (with a minimum of scoring) on pieces which the group has had in its repertory for some time. If the group could not bring this off, its neo-classicisms would mean nothing: because it can (and usually does), they do mean something. In his efforts to play gently, J. Lewis seems to be backing away from the keyboard, and there are again hints that the group may be losing a unified swing that has made its past work so fine. The polyphony of Lewis and Jackson continues to be a delight.
After Glow: Carmen McRae. Decca DL8583, $3.98.	Two years ago, Miss McRae seemed the most authentic jazz singer in a long while. She had a small voice (which she sometimes strains), but her sense of rhythm and meter were excellent. Two-thirds of this record shows a singer using her talents to communicate musically. The rest of it is the work of a "personality", using her music as a vehicle for her charm, her act. Miss McRae has a choice to make.
Josh White Sings Ballads and Blues. Electra 114, $4.98	Josh White's career provides a comment on Carmen McRae's above. It isn't that he offers a slick version of folk songs for nightclub consumption; he uses them as showpieces for his kind of charm. Their essential musical and poetic qualities are thereby frequently lost. The inclusion of three "pop" tunes shows that this is really cabaret.
Lionel Hampton's Big Four. Verve MGV8117, $4.98.	Informal stuff this, including warm-ups, two versions of "Black Magic" (not so labelled), and with Verve's inevitable O. Peterson, R. Brown, and B. Rich. Hampton is an enigma. At slow tempos he shows a unique feel for melody, but at medium and fast he may string rhythmic phrases together with (at worst) an exuberant disarray. Included is another version of his beautiful "Midnight Sun".
Meade "Lux" Lewis. Verve MGV 1006, $4.98.	In the late 1930s Lewis was the most imaginative of boogie woogie-blues pianists and produced two pieces which had the status of compositions. Since then he has not only repeated but rather meaninglessly decorated what he has already said. If played with conviction, it would be valuable work; unfortunately, even on pieces not based on blues sequences, he has the air of a man giving his mannerisms a run-through.
American Jazzmen play André Hodeir's "Essais". Savoy MG 12104, $4.98.	This record of the French composer-critic's jazz scores actually deserves lengthy examination in several respects—for one, is the inversion of a riff as effective as the usual device of introducing a counter-riff? A great virtue is that Hodeir has left his jazz primarily a soloist's medium. As performed here, some sections are lacking in rhythmic accent and metric-rhythmic pulsation; one wonders if more rehearsal time might have overcome a stiffness in, say, parts of "The Alphabet" or "Exquisse II". The soloists, especially E. Costa, B. Jaspar, and D. Byrd, seem at ease, however.
Mood in Scarlet: Les Jazz Modes. Dawn DLP 1117, $4.98.	This group has the conventional Eastern instrumentation, except that J. Watkins' French horn substitutes for trumpet and, here, some "vocal effects" by Eileen Gilbert were added. It isn't lack of talent which makes the group's work dull, but a lack of conception and conviction.
Just Friends: Bill Perkins, Art Pepper, and Richie Kamuca. Pacific Jazz M 401, $3.98	Perkins seems one of the few (after W. Gray and P. Quinichette) capable of understanding L. Young's tenor style and of using something besides its surface. He even has a discreet ear for Young's current playing. Other virtues include H. Hawes and R. Mitchell, some good polyphony between Perkins and Kamuca, and Pepper's feeling. Two groups; some affected scoring.
The Big Challenge: Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart with C. Hawkins, B. Freeman, L. Brown, and J. C. Higgenbotham. Jazztone J1268, $2.98.	A welcome return to records for a still vital Williams and for Higgenbotham. Also an enjoyable one, despite occasional unevenness from some soloists. Cootie runs through his "Concerto" in growl style, which is to miss the point. He misses none on "Walkin' My Baby", nor do Stewart and Higgenbotham. "Alphonse and Gaston" is delightful: Williams and Stewart exchange styles, and Brown borrows from Higgy. This calls for more; next time some of Williams' beautiful slow blues.
Phil Woods and Gene Quill. Victor LPM 1284, $3.98.	Altoist Woods can be an impassioned improvisor with a talent for building in his solos. It is a shame that much time is spent in brief exchanges among members of the group on sometimes shallow and cluttered arrangements. More whole choruses by each man would have done far more credit to all concerned.
Flute Suite: A. K. Salim. Savoy MG 12102, $4.98.	This LP shows that the directness with which small companies often operate has its points. On capable, usually straightforward scores by Salim, soloists F. Wess, H. Mann, J. Wilder, F. Rehak, and H. Jones communicate in an atmosphere of pointedly relaxed, though occasionally casual, creativity. One track is a "sample" from another Savoy release. Why?
Ken Colyer. London LL 1618, $3.98.	This British band does an imitation of George Lewis's. Some good George Lewis records are certainly worth having. Try Cavalier 6004, for example. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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to go along with him, to hear every word, to get it all. I began to know what Monroe had been waiting for. Cat-Iron was talking language now, the language of the blues; clipped, sparse, but with a world of experience and observation rolled into it.

I wondered if it was a language that could be understood at all outside Buckner's Bottom—away from the South. It is so specific in reference, so regional in character, so underplayed in humor that its keenest turns are easily lost. Yet blues as they have been sung in this country—well over sixty years—are an overly neglected body of genuinely poetic outpourings. Even if they must be classified as minor lyric expression, they are worth some effort. They merit, at the least, the care that our writers and scholars have lavished upon the madrigal, the sonnet, the round.

The particular richness of the blues-language derives from its preservation of a vast, communal, folk-expression. In the earliest days of blues, the lines came to the guitar as everyday speech.

When you see me laughin', I'm laughin' to keep from cryin'.

Every blues-singer, up to and including Cat-Iron, has always sat down to play in the company of others. They may not have been there, in the room or under the tree, but they were at his shoulder, whispering the lines, the rememberings, the names of places and the names of men and women. This was their public domain. At this stage, no one exerted the control of copyright. And before this stage, there was still another—the utterances of the very first blues-singers. It must have come from the giant effort of a transposed people to find meaningful expression in a strange language.

Once that effort had got under way, its multiplication was fruitful as are the first pages of Genesis. There are some specific examples of the process: Leadbelly, traveling and playing with Blind Lemon Jefferson all over Texas, founded his abundant repertoire on lines remembered from Lemon and others encountered on their travels. Horace Sprott, working and listening in the cotton fields just north of Selma, Alabama, never forgot, among hundreds of lines he knew, the particular verse of an unknown singer called Smokestack Lightning:

I followed my baby to her buryin' ground . . . long, old lonesome day!

Big Bill Broonzy, whose book, "Big Bill Blues," tells so much of this process of enrichment and cross-fertilization, has recalled, on a recent Folkways record that bears his name, the story of one C. C. Rider, a wandering blues-man who sang:

My home is on the water, and I don't like no land at all
I'd rather be dead than stay here and be a dog.

Rider's song has become classic, and is known to almost every player in the country; it has been recorded many times, with many variations.

This elastic process of invention, exchange, and improvisation created a literature. For the blues-man who had it committed to memory, it was an important working tool—handy, pithy, complete. It has never found its way into print, and we shall have a stunning anthology when it does.

THE real test of creativity, for the blues-man, is his ability to put the wandering couplets of this literature together. In the hands of the lesser talent—and there are many of these—the result is a hacking hodge podge of unrelated fragments. From a sensitive minstrel, the song pours out as a skilful, mellowed blend. It is a lyric, personal statement, yet it contains elements of a universal, folk-shared experience.

Since the shared experience is that of the Southern Negro, there are the deeper notes of suffering, of hard times, of loneliness. There are also sly and salty twists of humor, fortified by a mastery of innuendo that may have roots in West African song and social life.

There is also love. In language as tender and as brutal, as outspoken and wistful, as our English can become, the vapors and excursions of love are celebrated in the blues-singer's vagrant lines:

Ain't got nobody to feel and care for me
Ain't got nobody to feel and care for me
Says all I had, done caught the train and gone.

Said, I went to the depot, I looked up at the sign
Said, I went to the depot, I looked up at the sign
Said, there ain't nothing I seen would bring my baby back.

Cat-Iron had sung the lines for us only a moment before. This was the language he was singing; this was the world to which I had been admitted, a passenger without portfolio sitting on a slump-backed sofa in a cramped living room.

The dedicated blues-singer—and Cat-Iron was showing us that he belonged here—is like an actor who delivers the prologue or epilogue to a play. He moves with economy; he sums up; he lifts a curtain, he lets it fall. He relates a story, and sometimes he is part of it. It is up to the listener to know when, and how.

In two lines, Cat-Iron had moved in on Jimmy Bell, and he had moved us with him. This man walking around town is no ordinary sawmill hand or cropper or cotton-chopper; he's got greenbacks enough, sweet babe, to make a man a suit.

And just as Cat-Iron could mix with Jelly Roll Morton, Jimmy Bell could mix with the rousters and gamblers and touts Jelly Roll has described: "Those boys I used to sing with were really tough babies. . . . It was a miracle how those boys lived. They were sweetback men, I suppose you'd call them—always a bunch of women (*sweet babe*) running after them. . . . They dressed very well and they were tremendous sports. It was nothing like spending money that even worried their mind (*he got greenback enough*).

"But they all strived to have at least one Sunday suit (*to make a man a suit*), because without that Sunday suit you didn't have nothing. You should have seen one of those sports move down the street (*Jimmy Bell in town, Lord, he walkin' 'round*) . . . walking along with a very mosey walk they had adopted from the river, called shooting the agate. . . ."

Jimmy Bell told his sister, all you need is not t' shout
If you don't pay your money, deacon gwine to turn you out

Cat-Iron was telling us; Jimmy Bell was not only a gambler, he was a man who would try to talk his sister out of being a church member. "You don't have to go to church, and you don't have to shout." *Shout* is a word of many shadings; one of them implies that there are plenty of persons who put on a display of emotion in church, feigning more conviction than they feel. They are conforming, and Jimmy Bell doesn't buy it. "Settle the business; just don't pay your church dues, and the deacon, who keeps his eye on the receipts, will read you off the roster of saved souls." Cat-Iron prepared us for his next scene: Jimmy Bell as Devil's Advocate.

Jimmy Bell in the pulpit, the Bible in his hand

It is Sunday, and Jimmy Bell has come up from Natchez-under-the-Hill, as veritable an Inferno as ever existed. In the history of Natchez,

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it was the port that harbored a tough breed of river bullies, adventurers, and prostitutes. At one time inhabitants of the port engaged in combat with the more respectable citizens on the hill, and were dispersed with a dousing from fire-pumps. Jimmy Bell carries more than the threat of mere physical violence; in his Mephistophelian role, he will undermine with subtlety:

All them sisters sittin' back in the corner, cryin'
Jimmy Bell my man,
Jimmy Bell my man.

Bell has been a pretty efficient Mephistopheles; he has already seduced a fair proportion of the distaff side of the congregation and even in church they are wrangling for his favors ("always a bunch of women running after them," as Jelly Roll spoke it).

Jimmy Bell told the sext(i)on, go an' tone the bell
'Cause some of these members here sure is goin' to hell

Jimmy Bell knows what he's talking about. However, he does not disappear in a flash of fire and puff of smoke:

Jimmy Bell told his wife, told his wife that night
If the time don't get no better here, babe,
up the road I'm goin'
up the road I'm goin'.

Instead, he goes home to his wife. Only now has Cat-Iron introduced her; she couldn't have been very important. Bell returns to character, is a human being again, and is exposed as simply a hungry grifter ("It was a miracle how those boys lived"), suffering, perhaps, from a touch of remorse and appetite.

CAT-IRON'S principal leaves the stage, singing a line that is both common tag and common property to all who make a living as hoboes, drifters, gamblers—and blues-singers:

If the time don't get no better here, babe,
up the road I'm goin'
up the road I'm goin'.

Cat-Iron laid his fingers across the still-vibrating strings. In the quiet that followed, Thurman Monroe's chair came back to the floor with a creak and a tap. He opened his eyes.

"I wish I could sing like that, Cat."

"Come back some time, I got some more."

We rose together. It was time to go up the road.

The Tanglewood Jazz School

LENOX, MASS.

ONE day after the Boston Symphony Orchestra ended its Tanglewood season in mid-August, the School of Jazz opened its first semester at nearby Lenox, Massachusetts. Where students of the Berkshire Music Center had occupied quarters in the manor-like dormitory of Wheatleigh, jazz hopefuls numbering thirty-six (eight auditors in addition to twenty-eight participants) took over.

Organized studies in jazz are not without precedent, but the School of Jazz is challengingly unique for having a faculty composed entirely of major performing musicians. Among them were John "Dizzy" Gillespie, Max Roach, Milt Jackson, Oscar Peterson, Ray Brown, Herb Ellis, Bill Russo, Jimmy Giuffre, and John Lewis (of the Modern Jazz Quartet), the school's Executive Director. Also participating was Marshall Stearns, who lectures at New York University.

The nervously eager students ("Where I come from," said one, "jazz musicians are on three different speeds: we never get to meet them") were from eleven states, Canada, Brazil, and Nigeria (the latter a State Department-sponsored observer). All were conscious of being pioneers in jazz education. They were hurled into a whirling, intensive three-week term, with a concentration dictated by the itineraries of the faculty, most of whom sacrificed lucrative engagements to initiate the adventure at Wheatleigh.

The schedule called for mornings spent in ensemble playing. Pianists predominated, and players of some other instruments were in short supply, hence faculty members sometimes sat in with the students. Dreams of glory were pulsatingly fulfilled when an aspiring youth found himself in a rhythm section *with* Max Roach, or playing trumpet alongside "Dizzy" Gillespie.

In the afternoon, attendance at Bill Russo's demanding course in composition and arranging was mandatory. To a drummer who balked at studying composition, director Lewis said sternly: "Every jazz musician is a creator, a composer on his instrument, and so he must know how jazz is and can be composed." Also obligatory, later in the afternoon, was Marshall Stearns's course on the history and pre-history of jazz with bountiful recorded examples. Evenings were devoted to lectures by visiting older jazzmen, avant-garde jazz composers, critics, personal managers, booking agents, experts on African music and early Afro-American trends.

In addition, each student had to take a minimum of two lessons a week on his instrument (or in composition) with a member of the faculty of his own choice. The total cost for instruction, class-work, room and board was $350 for the three weeks. A suitable finale to the infant endeavor was provided by a student-faculty concert.

It was emphasized throughout that the purpose of the School of Jazz is not to teach basic techniques of the various instruments: auditions, either "live" or via recordings, had established such competence before students were accepted. The School of Jazz exists, according to John Lewis, "to try to teach various *approaches* to playing jazz. A great many elements indigenous to jazz are not entirely based on what you can learn in a music school . . . they can be most directly and valuably learned from the *contributors* to the jazz language themselves."

Judging by the astonishment of the students at how much they had begun to absorb in three weeks, the school—for all the soft spots of a new venture—was intensely stimulating. For me it marks a pivotal point in the history of jazz. The wheeze about the jazz musician who tells a hopeful questioner, "If you have to ask what jazz is, don't mess with it," never was applicable to reality. Temperament and talent cannot be instilled where they don't exist, but they can be directed along approaches the student might not discover otherwise.

In keeping with the jazz tradition of freedom of expression, the faculty tried hard not to be arbitrary in dealings with their pupils. "One of my students," said Gillespie, "had a buzzing sound. At first I worked at it but couldn't get that buzzing sound out of him. Then I found out that's the way he wants to sound, so I said 'help yourself,' and I try to help him in what *he* wants to do."

For a final touch of experience, students were allowed to sit in at the nightclub on the grounds of Music Inn. It is called The Potting Shed, but there was little Graham Greene in the room except for the common agreement among the School's personnel that faith has to be worked at.

—NAT HENTOFF.

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PLAN NOW FOR YOUR 1958 VACATION. Send for Folder S. Maybe we are the place you hoped to find this year. Better yet try a brief weekend now to October 13. Folder S gives all details. A mountain retreat on a lovely lake in deep woods. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS.

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

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LARGE COLONIAL, 1804, 7 fireplaces, secret staircase, unimproved, 2½ acres, in village. Ethel Gardner, Eastford, Connecticut.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1225

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Breed, generate, diffuse.	158 180 8 22 140 134 130 71 87
B. One who badgers a speaker with questions.	154 171 145 127 74 176 166
C. What the gates of hell are supposed to be doing, but not for boredom.	65 32 164 133 38 143 76
D. Specifying one common characteristic of beautiful pictorial windows and a billy.	41 80 132 43 101 125
E. Having a hinged cover.	131 27 51 1 82 147
F. The girl who was sung good-night to constantly, seven years ago.	49 83 115 5 121
G. The kind of being Mr. Darcy said he'd been all his life ("Pride and Prejudice").	97 72 92 26 15 162 67
H. Followed by "pie" a popular current term of endearment.	81 56 167 107 149 25 62
I. The mineral of soapstone and "French chalk."	19 23 10 79
J. Mean.	173 170 57 9 48 137 91
K. Having a flat breastbone.	172 136 152 85 129 163
L. Branch of cytology treating esp. of structure of chromosomes.	183 111 14 42 117 175 89 100 94
M. Inequity, hardship.	69 118 156 60 55 153 103 179 138

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Father of Uncas ("Leatherstocking Tales").	182 150 113 70 119 99 37 106 6 178 146 45
O. Scene of a great war tragedy of August, 1945.	20 52 58 142 141 123 75 95 157
P. Genus consisting of the elands.	46 30 165 53 34
Q. What a knight rode upon.	98 105 21 36 11
R. Come to pass.	169 114 31 50 116 135 39 122 77
S. To blind by means of a red-hot metal plate held before the eyes.	126 174 159 86 108 104 181 177 59
T. Embezzle.	35 96 24 120 73 44 66 124
U. Genus of ten tropical Amer. orchids, cultivated for ornament.	29 28 4 54 33 88 13
U. Indian weight, between 1 and 2 gr. Troy.	90 151 112 47 17
V. Famous English poet of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood (1837-1909).	61 7 16 160 64 2 109 168 144
W. Regard one's own thinking too highly.	128 84 68 3 12 161 148 110
X. Amer. legislator associated with an Act, 1913, providing for mediation and conciliation in labor disputes.	78 155 139 40 93 18 63 102

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 E	2 W	3 X	4 U	5 F	6 N		7 W	8 A	9 J	10 I	11 Q		12 X	13 U	14 L	
15 G	16 W		17 V	18 Y		19 I	20 O	21 Q		22 A	23 I	24 T	25 H	26 G	27 E	28 U
	29 U	30 P	31 R	32 C		33 U	34 P	35 T	36 Q	37 N	38 C	39 R	40 Y	41 O	42 L	
43 D	44 T	45 N	46 P	47 V	48 J		49 F	50 R	51 E	52 O	53 P	54 U	55 M		56 H	57 J
58 O	59 S		60 M	61 W	62 H	63 Y		64 W	65 C		66 T	67 G	68 X		69 M	70 N
71 A	72 G	73 T	74 B	75 O	76 C	77 R	78 Y	79 I	80 D		81 H	82 E	83 F	84 X	85 K	86 S
87 A		88 U	89 L		90 V	91 J	92 G	93 Y	94 L		95 O	96 T	97 G	98 Q	99 N	100 L
101 D	102 Y		103 M	104 S		105 Q	106 N	107 H	108 S	109 W		110 X	111 L	112 V	113 N	114 R
115 F		116 R	117 L	118 M	119 N	120 T	121 F		122 R	123 O	124 T		125 D	126 S	127 B	128 X
129 K	130 A		131 E	132 D	133 C	134 A	135 R	136 K	137 J	138 M		139 Y	140 A	141 O		142 O
143 C	144 W		145 B	146 N	147 E	148 X		149 H	150 N	151 V	152 K		153 M	154 B	155 Y	
156 M	157 O	158 A	159 S	160 W	161 X	162 G	163 K		164 C	165 P	166 B	167 H		168 W	169 R	170 J
171 B	172 K		173 J	174 S	175 L	176 B		177 S	178 N		179 M	180 A	181 S	182 N	183 L	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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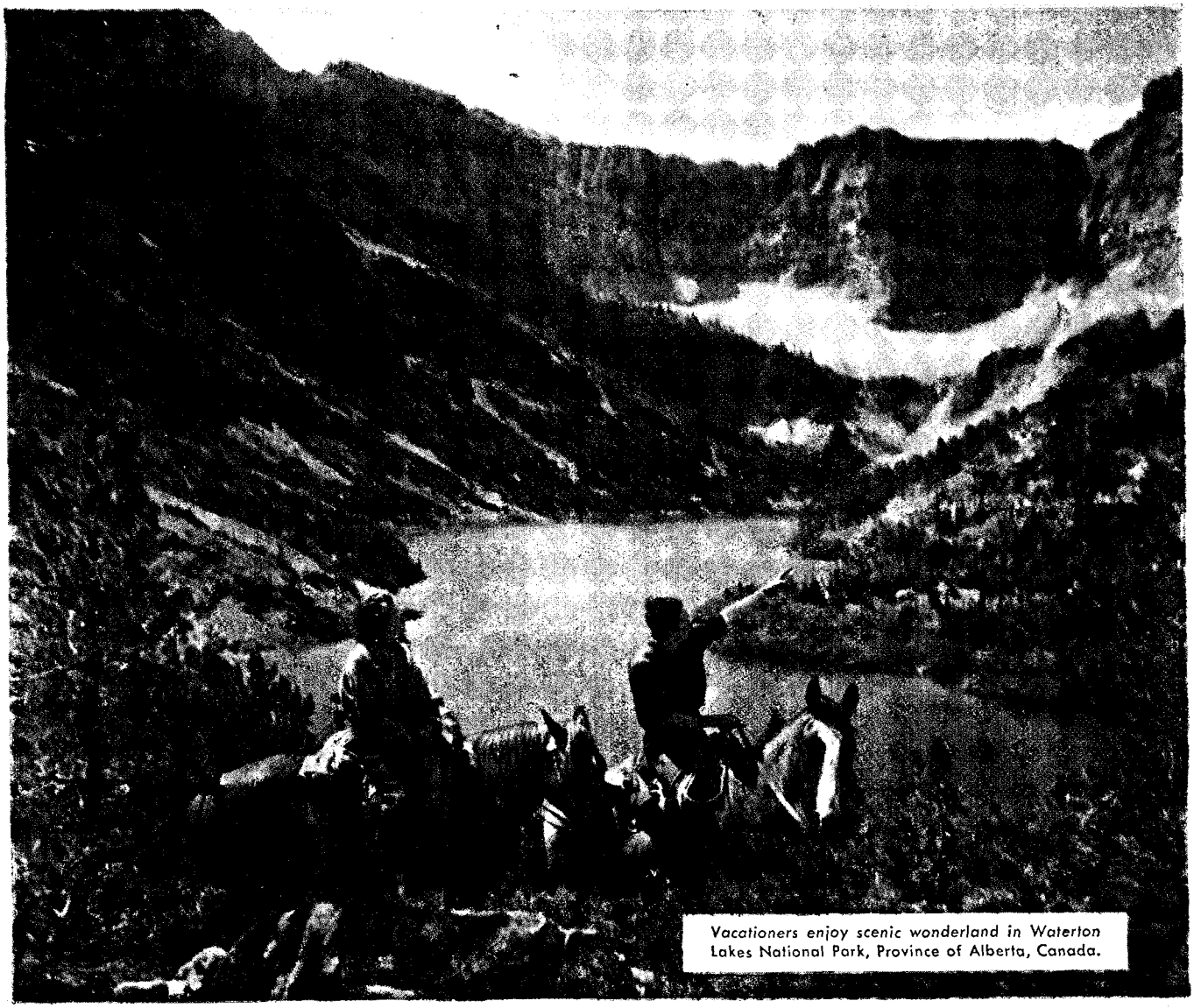

Vacationers enjoy scenic wonderland in Waterton Lakes National Park, Province of Alberta, Canada.

Here you'll find the peace the whole world is seeking...

Waterton Lakes National Park, just north of Montana, in the Province of Alberta, is one of a great chain of national and provincial parks stretching the length of Canada from British Columbia to Nova Scotia.

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Mapmakers call it the 49th Parallel—but it actually has no parallel in the world today.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Waterton Lakes, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada, let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. For more Canadian information, write Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Canada.

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